

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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By Alexander Stacey



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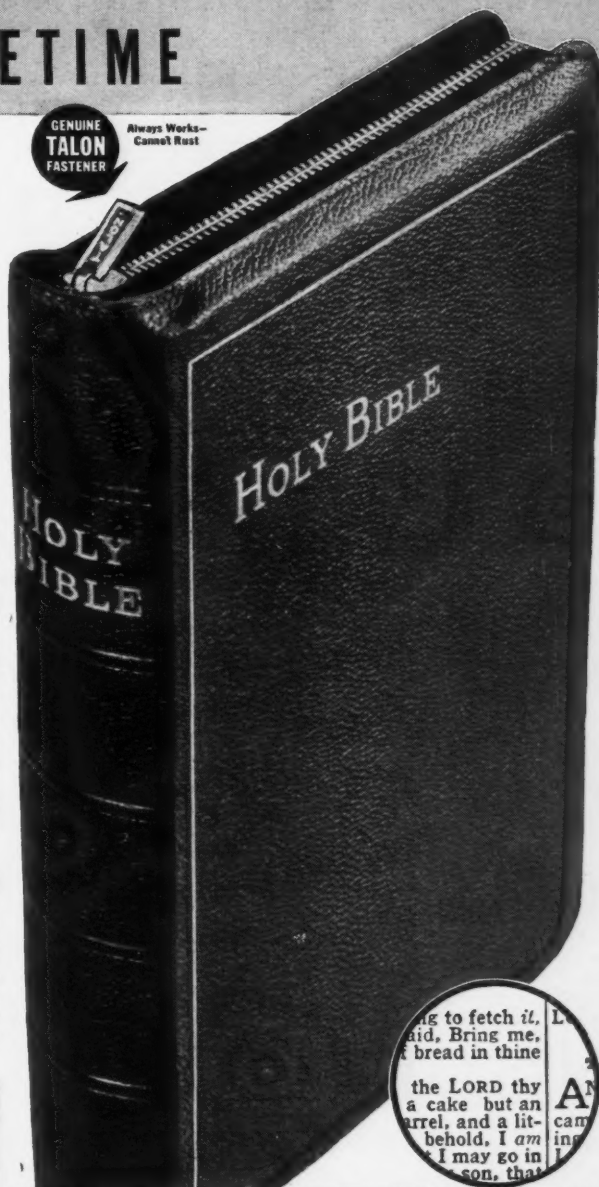
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MADONNA OF THE GOLDFINCH

RAPHAEL
(UMBRIAN SCHOOL)

RAFFAELLO SANZIO died on his thirty-seventh birthday, after an attack of fever: his body lay in state in his studio by the side of his unfinished Transfiguration, and the whole of Rome flocked in for a last glimpse of the "divine painter." During his short working life, he lived and painted in an atmosphere of princeliness, popular idolization, and critical homage such as no other artist has enjoyed; for more than four centuries, he has maintained a position in the affections of the world that no artist has displaced. To Goethe, he was the unimpeachable deity of classicism; he was the favorite of Byron and the British; to Ingres, the one and only perfect draftsman; and today, after a moment of neglect, he has been revived by the French modernists, Picasso paying him the compliment of adapting his Madonnas to portraiture.

The universal preeminence of Raphael in the popular imagination is based largely on his Madonnas and his Transfiguration, but it would be erroneous to suppose that his fame has been kept alive solely by the mass appeal of sweetness and light, or that the affection created by his Virgins, from age to age, necessarily denotes the perpetual corruption of public taste. Artists of almost every period, in searching for a balance between their experiences and the means of expression, have looked long and intently at Raphael's structures. The two approaches, the emotional and the formal, arrive, in the end, on common ground—for the artist's intention was not to make abstractions but living people of the utmost gracefulness of attitude and serenity of mood. He succeeded; and in the final analysis, because of and in spite of formal qualities, his figures are but reflections of himself.

Raphael's Madonnas differ greatly in pose and treatment, but not radically in sentiment. The Madonna of the Goldfinch, one of the best, was painted in his early twenties, in Florence. In design it is a simple pyramid; in emotional appeal, half classical and half Christian—a composite of the sensuous and the immaculate. This etherealized Italian woman is not of the modern world: she expresses a type of perfection arrived at by one of the most sensitive artists in history, an artist whose ideal was expressed in faultless proportions and a refinement of sentiment—in some cases, an overrefinement—which will probably never be superseded in the popular mind.



NUMBER TEN

This is the tenth of a series of reproductions in *Christian Herald* of the great religious paintings. The originals, all by old masters, are in various parts of the world, and all valuable beyond price. Accompanying each reproduction will be a description of the painting and something about the artist, by the noted art critic, Thomas Craven. The picture next month will be *The Marys At the Tomb*, by Duccio di Buoninsegna.

We are able to present this feature to *Christian Herald* readers through arrangement with Simon and Schuster, publishers of "The Treasury of Art Masterpieces."

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Hennings	Key(e)-Key(e)	May	Nickerson	Ransom-Ramson	Sherrin	Tuttle-Tuthill
Hennings	Ker	May	Nickerson	Ransom-Ramson	Sherrin	Tuttle-Tuthill
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Herman	Kincald	Maynard	Now-Nowell	Rash-Rhea	Shierley	Underwood
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National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KVVY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

- 8:00 A.M. News of Europe—international news broadcasts—CBS and NBC—Blue and Red.
- 9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh—Gospel Singer—Red.
- 12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—guest speakers—Blue.
- 1:15 P.M. Between the Bookends—Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—Blue.
- 2:45 P.M. Light of the World—Bible dramatized in modern prose—Red.
- 3:30 P.M. A Friend in Deed—Richard Maxwell dramatizes good deeds done by contemporaries—CBS.
- 5:00 P.M. Irene Wicker's Musical Stories—Blue.
- 5:30 P.M. Jack Armstrong—adventures of American boy—Red.
- 6:30 P.M. Paul Sullivan Reviews the News—CBS.
- 6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas—news commentator—Blue.
- 6:45 P.M. The World Today—international news—CBS.
- 9:30 P.M. John B. Kennedy—news commentator—Blue.
- 10:45 P.M. News of the World—with Major George Fielding Elliot; Elmer Davis, and Albert Warner—CBS.

SUNDAYS

- 9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan—Negro spirituals and devotional service—CBS.
- 10:00 A.M. Church of the Air—services conducted by representatives of the major faiths—CBS.
- 10:00 A.M. Radio Pulpit—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—Red.
- 10:30 A.M. Southernaires—Negro spirituals and devotional service—Blue.
- 11:30 A.M. Luther-Layman Singers—folksongs of America—Blue.
- 12:30 P.M. Radio City Music Hall of the Air—symphonic orchestra and soloists—Blue.
- 12:30 P.M. Pageant of Art—history of fine arts—Red.
- 12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle—religious music—CBS.
- 1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
- 1:30 P.M. On Your Job—dramatizations of work and workers—Red.
- 2:00 P.M. American Pilgrimage—Ted Malone broadcasts from the homes of famous authors—Blue.
- 2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table—discussions of current problems—Red.
- 3:00 P.M. Great Plays—the great plays in the world's history—Blue.
- 3:00 P.M. New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra—conducted by John Barbroli—CBS.
- 4:00 P.M. National Vespers—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—Blue.
- 5:00 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air—Red.
- 5:00 P.M. Design for Happiness—Chicago's Women Symphony—CBS.
- 7:00 P.M. News of the World—Blue.
- 7:30 P.M. News for the Americas—Blue.
- 8:00 P.M. One Man's Family—dramatic serial of family life—Red.
- 9:30 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour—guest conductors and soloists—CBS.
- 9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music—Haenschen concert orchestra—Red.
- 10:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop—unusual radio dramas—CBS.
- 11:00 P.M. Headlines and By-lines—up-to-the-minute news—CBS.

MONDAYS

- 9:15 A.M. School of the Air—Americans at Work—CBS.
- 1:30 P.M. Religion and the New World—Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo—Blue.
- 2:00 P.M. Adventures of a Modern Mother—dramatic series designed to help mothers in training children—Blue.
- 2:00 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—conducted by Joe Emerson—Red.
- 2:30 P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra—directed by Guy Fraser Harrison—Blue.
- 3:45 P.M. Columbia's Lecture Hall—lecturers on current events, history, economics and science—CBS.
- 6:00 P.M. Citizens All—round table discussions on citizenship—Red.
- 8:00 P.M. The Telephone Hour—symphony orchestra and soloists—Red.
- 8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone—Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks—Red.
- 10:00 P.M. Story Dramas by Olmsted—great short stories—Blue.
- 10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum—discussions by government officials—Blue.

TUESDAYS

- 9:15 A.M. School of the Air—well-springs of music—CBS.
- 1:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life—Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell—Blue.
- 2:00 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—conducted by Joe Emerson—Red.
- 7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
- 9:00 P.M. We, the People—Gabriel Heatter interviews interesting personalities—CBS.
- 10:00 P.M. Story Dramas by Olmsted—Blue.
- 10:30 P.M. Meet Edward Weeks—Atlantic Monthly editor discusses literature—Blue.

WEDNESDAYS

- 9:15 A.M. School of the Air—new horizons—CBS.
- 1:00 P.M. Piano Recitals—distinguished virtuosos—Red.
- 1:30 P.M. Common Sense and Sentiment—Dr. Alvin Magary—Blue.
- 2:00 P.M. Raising a President—dramatic series on child care—Blue.
- 3:45 P.M. Children Also Are People—child training—CBS.
- 7:30 P.M. Cavalcade of America—dramatizations of American History—Red.
- 10:00 P.M. Story Dramas by Olmsted—Blue.
- 10:30 P.M. Doctors At Work—dramatic survey of Medicine—Blue.

THURSDAYS

- 9:15 A.M. School of the Air—tales from far and near—CBS.
- 1:30 P.M. The Riddle of Life—Dr. Ralph S. Meadowcroft—Blue.
- 2:00 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—directed by Joe Emerson—Red.
- 2:15 P.M. Traveling Cook—Richard Kent—Blue.
- 3:45 P.M. Adventures in Science—interviews with well known men—CBS.
- 7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
- 7:45 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Guild—opera stories and music—Blue.
- 9:35 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air—forum discussions—Blue.
- 10:30 P.M. Ahead of the Headlines—News by Newswatch—Blue.

FRIDAYS

- 9:15 A.M. School of the Air—This Living World—CBS.
- 1:30 P.M. Opportunity—Dr. Daniel A. Poling—Blue.
- 2:00 P.M. NBC Music Appreciation Hour—Dr. Walter Damrosch—Blue.
- 3:45 P.M. Exploring Space—adventures in the field of astronomy—Red.
- 6:00 P.M. The Story Behind the Headlines—Cesar Searchinger—Red.
- 7:15 P.M. Radio Magic—stories on radio phenomena—Blue.
- 8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—Lucille Manners, soprano—Red.
- 9:30 P.M. Everyman's Theater—Arch Oboler's Plays—Red.

SATURDAYS

- 9:30 A.M. Honest Abe—dramatizations of important episodes in the life of Abraham Lincoln—CBS.
- 10:15 A.M. The Traveling Cook—Richard Kent—Blue.
- 10:30 A.M. Bright Idea Club—instructive ideas for children—Red.
- 11:15 A.M. General Federation of Women's Clubs program—consumers aid in shopping—Red.
- 11:45 A.M. Smlin' Ed McConnell—songs—Red.
- 12:00 Noon American Education Forum—discussion of education—Blue.
- 12:00 Noon Eastman School of Music—survey of music—Red.
- 12:30 P.M. Call to Youth—Red.
- 1:30 P.M. No Politics—Talks by Congressmen—CBS.
- 2:00 P.M. Metropolitan Opera—from the stage of the famous Opera House in New York—Blue.
- 5:00 P.M. The World Is Yours—dramas of science—Red.
- 5:30 P.M. Curtis Institute of Music—student groups—Red.
- 6:30 P.M. Religion in the News—Dr. Walter Van Kirk—Red.
- 6:45 P.M. Edward Tomlinson—news of the Americas—Blue.
- 7:00 P.M. People's Platform—discussions on current subjects—CBS.
- 7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
- 9:35 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—Arturo Toscanini, conductor—Blue.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

AGAIN we will explain why the Old-Fashioned Revival Hour is not listed on this page. That program is not broadcast by one of the nation-wide hookups, in which a great number of affiliated stations give the same program at the same hour, so that one listing answers for them all. The Revival Hour is broadcast by 273 separate stations, and it would require over three pages to list them all.

SPONSORS of commercial radio programs usually insist on something more tangible than the mere building of good will. But the government of Brazil asks nothing more than that in the weekly "News for the Americas" program it now presents over NBC. When the program started, President Getulio Vargas, of Brazil, said that its aim was to bring about a "better understanding, a closer cooperation between our two peoples." This aim drew the applause of President Roosevelt who, in a congratulatory telegram, expressed the opinion that the program would "help better to inform the American people regarding Brazil and their other neighbors of South and Central America." The nationally known columnists, Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, are featured in the programs. (Sundays, 7:30 P.M., NBC-Red.)

WALT WHITMAN once wrote: "I say there can be no salvation for These States . . . without free tongues, and ears willing to hear the tongues." The words are particularly adaptable at this time, which sees shackled the tongues of many nations. In this country, though, tongues are free, ears are willing to hear. These principles of American freedom are vividly called forth in a novel series called "The Free Company" now being presented by CBS. Leading American writers, such as Robert E. Sherwood, Marc Connelly, Maxwell Anderson and Archibald MacLeish, are preparing original radio programs free of charge in the hope they will convey dramatically that in this country we have a way of life unique and precious. (Sundays, 2:00 P.M., CBS.)

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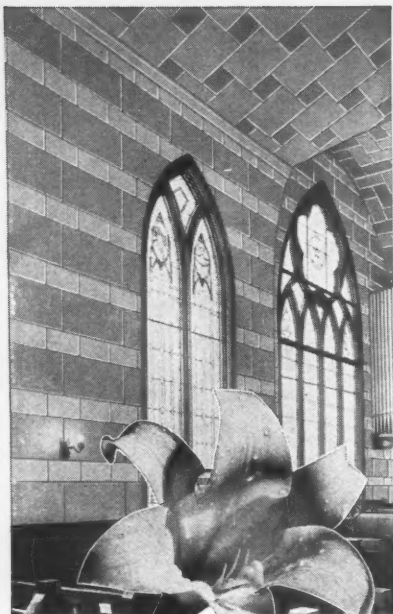
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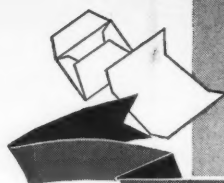
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By DANIEL A. POLING

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How do you feel about gadgets attached to the Bible, such as the zipper. Is this not sacrilegious?

THE same question was raised generations ago with regard to heavy brass clasps. Just as these clasps protected the Scriptures so the zipper now is protecting them. Particularly the khaki editions of our Holy Book as it goes through all branches of the service.

Is the Nazified New Testament available in the United States? Is it generally acceptable to German Christians?

THE Nazified New Testament is not available in the United States and it is not generally acceptable to German Christians. It is "Herr Rosenberg's" chief distinction. It is part of the evil spawn of the Third Reich. Overwhelmingly, German Christians repudiate it, but they are helpless before it—so far as casting it out of Hitler's Germany is concerned.

Can one who has taken the sacrament of the Lord's Supper while he was conscious of not being right with God, hope for pardon if he sincerely repents afterward?

YES. And my answer is without qualification. Sincere repentance, whatever the offense, sin or crime, always meets God's forgiveness. Jesus said, in St. John 12:47: "I came not to judge the world, but to save the world." So far as He is concerned, no limit is placed upon the power of that salvation. We alone by our failure to seek and accept, could for ourselves destroy the plan.

What do you think of the conscientious objector who refused to register and who was sentenced by Judge Welsh to eighteen months in jail?

I THINK the young man has made a grave mistake. If the Government does not have the right to ask for this

registration, having already granted the status of the conscientious objector, then we are headed for anarchy, which is no government at all. Had the status not been granted, then it would be a different matter. We who call men to the law of God should be particularly careful lest we ourselves become lawless. I am not a conscientious objector. The young man is mistaken but he has my deepest sympathy and respect. However misguided, he is true to his conscience.

The only justification for his refusal to register is individual conscience. As Shakespeare writes, "To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." And Tennyson, "Loyal to the royal in thyself."

But Paul writes in his letter to the Corinthians: "For He hath made us able ministers of the New Testament; not of the letter but of the spirit, for the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life."

I commend Judge Welsh for the understanding way in which he handled this difficult case. He dealt with the young man not only as a judge but as an understanding father.

While I have utmost respect for the young man who, true to conscience has taken this hard road, I have equal respect for the multitude of young men who, equally true to conscience, take their hard road and respond to their country's call. If they did not do this, presently we would have no free country and no freedom—which includes freedom of worship and all the Bill of Rights. The very opportunity this young man accepts, to refuse entirely this law of his country, is possible only so long as American freedom survives.

Do you think it right to cut out the dear old hymns from church services?

IT IS sad indeed!—a vital and irreparable loss, when these old hymns are "cut out." I could not conduct a worship program without them. I simply would not try.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Is there anything to spiritualism—talking with the departed at seances through trumpets in the dark, through mediums, and slate writing?

THERE is nothing good. There may be minor reactions that have significance in a few instances. However, these reactions are incidental to tragic results that again and again occur. Lives are broken and frequently minds are disarranged and reason is lost. There is no profit in these things.

I read recently that a "prominent religious worker" declared that of 49,000,000 young people in the United States, 36,000,000 had never stepped foot inside of a church. Where can I get authority for this statement?

YOU can't get it!—unless, of course, you consider as adequate authority the one who made the statement. In my opinion, there is no adequate authority for such a statement, nor does the statement help the cause of non-church attendance by young people. It is another overstatement that hurts the church and injures Christian effort.

I have a friend who insists that Great Britain is allowing supplies to go direct to Germany through Spain, that again international war merchants are busy. Is this true?

I AM not sure that I can give accurate or complete information in reply to this question, but this I know—Great Britain is fighting today to keep Spain from joining the Axis powers. The one weapon she possesses is blockade.

She is allowing medical supplies to reach Spain through Portugal, and it is, I think, inconceivable that these supplies can ever reach Germany. But she must take even that remote chance. Advices that I believe most reliable indicate that Spain is in a tragic condition both because of food scarcity and lack of drugs.

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MARCH 1941



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July 17, 1940

Dear Dr. St. John:

Today is a special holiday for me. It is the 16th anniversary of my conversion in the Bowery Mission.

Like many other young people I had ambitions to become an artist, but I thought that I could do it through myself and that I didn't need any help from God. I was very successful, but then something happened over which I seemed to have no control. I lost my ambition, started drinking and at last became such a disgrace to my relatives that they sent me to New York. Two specialists said I was a mental and physical wreck, but harmless and could only live a year or two. These two gentlemen did not know that in New York there was a Bowery Mission.

As a down-and-out I passed the Bowery Mission and noticed a great number of men like myself awaiting the opening of the building for services. I was told there would be a religious meeting and after that lunch would be served. I did not care—I didn't want to be a hypocrite—and left. Later I came again to the Bowery Mission. A certain power seemed to draw me in. Through curiosity I went in and found a seat near the door. I saw that the organ was draped in black and that all the hymns that were sung were from the same composer—Victor H. Bencke.

This man came to the Bowery Mission as a down-and-out and later became a wonderful worker for the Kingdom. The thought overwhelmed me that if God could do that for Victor H. Bencke, He could do it for me.

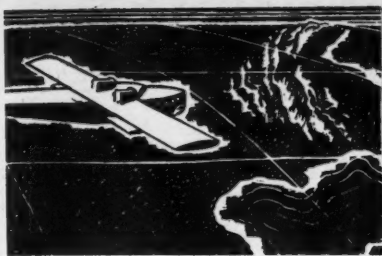
After the service I left without lunch. Outside as I wandered about I remembered that so often when cold and hungry I had made up my mind not to spend a cent for liquor but when I got on my feet again I always forgot my fine resolves. Seeing so many thousands of others who did not know what I know now, my prayer was that God might teach me that I might teach others.

God answered my prayer. I visited all meetings of the Mission when I got work. I spent the first money I received for New Testaments. Then I understood what the speakers were talking about. Now I thank God for all my dear friends whom I would not have if there was no Bowery Mission. May God bless you who do such splendid work for those who do not know God. Sincerest greetings to you from your devoted friend.

William

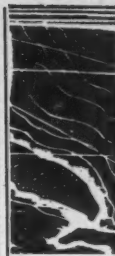
We all have anniversaries: days that bring happy memories, days that celebrate big events in our lives. How wonderful it must be to be able to celebrate the day of one's conversion? What a glow of happiness and contentment must fill the soul of this man who celebrates his day by returning to the place of his rebirth. We share this letter with Christian Herald readers for it is you who make possible the Bowery Mission and the fine work it does.

BOWERY MISSION
419 FOURTH AVE.
NEW YORK



NEWS DIGEST of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

STRIKES: It may be that we are a little jittery, a little overanxious to get guns, ships, planes, etc., in a hurry; whatever it is, every strike that breaks out in an American industrial plant these days seems to be "cause for alarm." Before we go too far with that, let's look at the record.

The strikes we've had since the all-out "national defense" program got started have been of very short duration. During 1940 we had 2,450 strikes; 575,000 workers were involved; we lost 6,500,000 man-days of idleness. But in 1939 there were 160 more strikes than in 1940, twice as many workers involved and three times as many man-days lost.

Only half as many men were involved in strikes in the first six months of this defense plan as were involved when we were actually at war in 1918—and our industrial-worker population is twenty-two per cent greater now than in 1918! All things considered, the picture may not be so bad as it seems at first glance.

There are several reasons for it—chief of which, we think, is a national public opinion that feels the same way about defense as Calvin Coolidge felt about the Boston police strike: "No man has a right to strike against the safety of the public." (We will not need to use the Coolidge method, to settle these strikes; mediation and conciliation have worked unexpected miracles, this far.)

MURDER: New York's most outrageous homicide happened last month on Fifth Avenue. The Esposito brothers killed a pay-roll messenger, and a policeman, almost killed a taxi-driver, and roused the anger of the town as it has seldom been roused before, over a murder. It may be too late to be roused, now: that should have started some thirty years ago, when the whole Esposito family was working overtime to pile up their unbelievable police record.

They came to this country from Italy in 1907, settled down in four dank and dismal rooms under the Third Avenue El, and almost immediately became objects of charity. Arrogant and ruthless, they refused to fit into the American

way; the father, Vincenzo, served a term for forgery in the New Jersey State Prison with one of his sons-in-law. The mother was held on a charge of aiding in the escape of one of the sons, who was wanted for deportation. Josephine and Lena, daughters, were arrested for shoplifting, Emmanuel and Nino (adopted son) were sent to Sing Sing for armed robbery.

And now Anthony and William, whose record on the police blotter goes back to 1912, are held for murder. They have been in and out of jail on charges of robbery, assault and carrying-a-deadly-weapon charges very, very consistently across those years, and it took a grand jury just twenty minutes to indict them for first degree murder.

Are they the only ones to be indicted? We do not mean that "society" is to be indicted here; that idea has been worked to death, in this country. We do mean that this fearful record might have been stopped at the start by better parole laws—and by tighter immigration laws. We may be "the land of the free"—but there is such a thing as being too free, in situations like this.

CHEAP: Spying is dangerous business in peace-time, deadly in war-time. But there apparently are some forms of spying that are as safe as any other job. To wit:

Anyone can subscribe to the *Congressional Record* for \$1.50 a month. The *Record* contains all that is said in Congress, and a lot that is never said. It often records what Army and Navy men tell the Congressmen in their quest for appropriations; they give figures, data, off-the-record secrets. For some of that to fall into the hands of a foreign agent is just plain bad.

Recently, Senator Vinson of Georgia secured an official tabulation of Naval vessels under construction, showing types, numbers and locations of yards in which they are being built. Few mornings later, the Naval Intelligence offices learned that it had all been printed in fine clear type, in the *Congressional Record*.

Yours for the asking—at \$1.50 a month. It would have taken a spy

months to get that information, if he could get it at all, by his own efforts.

WILLKIE: Wendell Willkie walked into the White House twenty-four hours before the inauguration of the "third-term candidate," and they shook hands and passed a joke or two. Democracy! That could happen in mighty few national capitals today.

Wendell Willkie came out of the White House with a letter to Winston Churchill in his pocket. As this is written, he's in London, seeing things, asking questions, going everywhere, getting a Wendell's-eye-view of the fix Britain is in so he can do a real job at helping them get those American planes, fast.

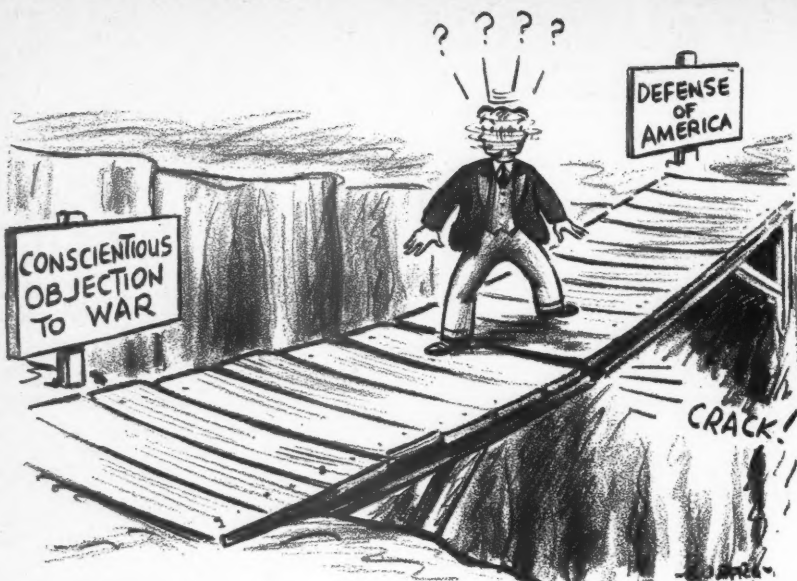
While he was in the air on the *Clipper*, Robert McCormick, publisher of Chicago's *Tribune*, isolationist par excellence and liveliest newspaper enemy of the New Deal, published this: "The party (Republican) will take leave of its late standard bearer with the hope that it will never again see him or he it." Has Mr. Willkie in the *Clipper* blown another rift in Republican ranks?

We'd hesitate to debate that with so formidable and well-informed a man as Mr. McCormick—but isn't there something funny in reading Mr. Willkie out of the party for being a poor isolationist? He never was that! Furthermore, he never had the whole-hearted support of many of the old-line political lights of the McCormick branch of the Republican Party; it was the younger group that boosted him. So the *Tribune* blast may not worry him greatly, nor Mr. McCormick's reading-out surprise him.

Be his isolationist policy what it may, this is sure: Mr. Willkie today is conducting himself as a great American. And he has most Americans with him as he pokes about the ruins of London.

EXCITED: The two sailors who tore down the Nazi flag outside the German Consulate in San Francisco offer an object lesson to some of the rest of us whose fingers itch to do the same thing.

The incident has blown over, thanks to cool heads in Washington and Berlin;



WHICH WAY, CHRISTIAN?

the worst the sailors can get is a few days in a Navy brig. It might *not* have blown over; incidents like this, in times like these, have caused war among peoples over-strained. These two boys made a common mistake: they "thought it was a Bund headquarters." It happened to be German territory.

Still at peace with us (technically, at least!) any Nazi consulate has a perfect right to fly its flag; when we lose our heads and tear it down we put the State Department in a bad spot. This is no time for mistaken heroics; the prime demand upon us as Americans now is to keep our wits, not lose them.

SNARLED: In Missouri, to be nominated on the Democratic ticket means that you are elected. Or almost that. That's been the case for generations.

But last November Missouri elected a Republican Governor, by the close margin of 3,613 votes. It just wasn't right, so the Democratic State Committee immediately called for an investigation, and the Democratic General Assembly shouted "Aye." At first they planned only to recount votes in those districts where the State Committee claimed a fraud had been committed; now they sadly admit that all districts will have to be recounted—and that would cost half a million dollars, and they don't have half a million in public funds, and they want to use private funds, and the State is in an uproar over the very suggestion.

They are fighting it out in the state house—while the state dependents suffer for lack of funds for relief. We have an unusual spectacle here, in this democracy: since they first met, the General Assemblymen have not transacted one single item of business which is not open to legal challenge. The longer they take, the more it costs—and the hungrier the

people become. Not pretty to look at, is it?

PSYCHIATRIC: In the U.S. Army there are 4,000 trained psychiatrists whose job it is to keep out of the Army such men as are not temperamentally fitted to soldiering. Problem now confronting Army leaders: how to divide 4,000 psychiatrists among 6,253 draft boards, to keep out the "wackies."

It may not look important, but it is! Across the last fourteen years, the U. S. has spent one *billion* dollars on mentally disordered veterans and soldiers; less than half of them have shell-shock or those other mental upsets and disorders which come out of the rigors of military life. They never should have been accepted in the Army.

Ten per cent of the volunteers accepted in 1940, say these psychiatrists, are already displaying signs of psychiatric disorder!

WOMEN FOR PEACE: A group of women in the comparatively small city of Natchez, Mississippi, are taking steps to organize a Peace Movement which has, at present, little but hope and faith to back it up, but which, nevertheless, may have very great possibilities. This is not just another Peace society; the woods are full of such organization already. But the White Flag for Peace—that's the expressive name they have chosen—has some new and distinctive features. It is the only Peace organization, so far as I know, whose membership will be confined exclusively to women; also it plans to have a local chapter in every city and town in the country. Their idea is that women, if they will work together, can exert a tremendous influence for Peace—and few will question that belief. They are starting on a "shoestring," with very

little money, but an inspiring amount of faith and determination. Women elsewhere are invited to correspond with these brave Mississippi women, and exchange ideas. Address Mrs. Merle D. Humphreys, P. O. Box 27, Natchez, Miss.

ABROAD

SHIPS: An M. P. buttonholed Winston Churchill in a parliamentary cloak room and asked why Britain was not sending more planes over Berlin, in retaliation for the strafings of London. Replied Mr. Churchill, "Business comes first. . . ."

In those three words lies your clue to British strategy: they are bombing not civilian Berlin, but Wilhelmshaven, Bremerhaven, the ports along the Channel and the Coast, the great submarine and shipbuilding cities of Germany, and for good reason. The German invasion of England, if and when it comes, will necessitate a fleet of German ships for transport; if those ships can be destroyed before they go down the ways, so much the better. And in the submarine yards, undersea boats are being made en masse. More and more, the submarine, roving the Atlantic beyond Ireland, threatens to choke Britain to death.

It is useless to get material from America if you are to see it sunk three hundred miles from the British coast, and all too much of that is happening. The U-boat must be destroyed in its cradle; Britain must have more cruisers for convoy duty, and more, more, *more* cargo ships. Whether or not she can get them may determine whether or not she is to win the war. Ships, right now, are more important than planes!

A fleet of 120 interned foreign ships lies tied up in American ports. Will Britain, as America goes further in "all help short of war," get them? We think so. Watch those idle ships!

AIR: Hitler, in his most recent Berlin speech, threatens again an all-out air offensive against England, and that may frighten some of us. But he promised that before, tried it, and watched the RAF blow his offensive out of the air. We have a sneaking suspicion that it will happen again, this spring.

Latest count of German airplanes puts their total strength at some 18,000 fighters and bombers. That looks formidable, until you think it over. All those 18,000 could not possibly be used against England; Hitler has other fronts to watch, all over Europe. Those he could use over London must be fueled, and fuel (gas, oil) must be moved to the airports, and every night the RAF is strafing railroads and airports all over France. And raiding en masse did not turn out very well the last time Hitler tried it; he lost four

hundred planes in two days, and turned to raiding in smaller groups, sporadically, uselessly.

If Britain can hold through the spring air offense, she has better than a 50-50 chance to win. And if help can reach her from America before the offensive starts, she will have a better chance than that.

MALTA: There is a bottle-neck in the Mediterranean where history will be made shortly: it is the ninety-mile channel between Sicily and Tunisia, through which all east-to-west traffic must pass. Guarding it is a little island that the Crusaders knew so well, on their jaunt east to Jerusalem: Malta.

The British hold Malta, and it is a good thing for the Empire that they do; their eastern lifeline would be cut were Malta to fall. One hundred and twenty miles west lies Pantelleria, bristling with Italian shore batteries and sheltering Axis submarines and aircraft. Either Malta or Pantelleria will be destroyed.

The battle has already started: The British aircraft carrier *Illustrious* was attacked recently by long-range German Junkers out of Pantelleria; racing into Malta, she was again attacked in the harbor. Also badly hit was the British warship *Malaya*. It is a significant battle: the British cannot afford to have two fighting ships crippled every time they try to pass shipping through that bottle-neck.

What will probably happen is that naval and air forces at Malta will be greatly increased. And there may come, before the spring offensive against London, an Allied all-out against Pantelleria and the Dodecanese Islands, which the Italians and Germans must hold if they are to save anything at all of Graziani's army in the Near East.

ALBANIA: Routed and losing troops by the thousand in Libya, Italy has evidently stopped the onrush of the Greek, at least temporarily, in Albania. No such spectacular gains as they made early in the fracas are now being made by the men from Athens, and for the first time since the beginning of the war, we hear of an Italian offensive.

The main Italian effort is aimed at Koritza, which the Greeks occupied before they had been fighting a month. Fresh Italian divisions are massed behind the lines, and taking the air every day is a new threat: German Junkers and fighters. Further back, in Rome, a development came recently that may alter things greatly: it was the announcement of a unified command. Which really means a German command.

We predicted some time back that Hitler would never see Italy fall, if Germany could help it. So, the unified command, and German troops pouring into Italy, and German planes over Koritza and Malta. Question: How much of his force can Hitler take from the

British Channel for this, and what effect will that have on his promised invasion of England? And just how much territory can Hitler hold down?

We think he will have his hands full if he tries to hold Italy down. The reported rioting in Turin and Milan, the frequent changes in the army and navy staffs, the sending of Fascist notables to the front—these are straws in the wind to tell the world that all is not harmony in Italy. Mussolini, we dare to suggest, is sitting on a volcano. His Fascist throne is tottering under the discontent of those who do not like him or his ways, and never did. But, little as some Italians like Mussolini, they all like Hitler much, much less.

LIBYA: Derna has fallen, and the British, as this is written, are marching to cut off Bengasi, the last Italian stronghold in Libya. After that, Tripoli!



THE HAMMOND ELECTRIC ORGAN, BEFORE WHICH MRS. ROOSEVELT IS SEATED, WAS PRESENTED BY AN ANONYMOUS DONOR TO THE WARM SPRINGS FOUNDATION. THE PATIENTS HEARD IT PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY

One Australian prisoner, we are told, talked several hundred Italians into surrendering before the battle was even started at Tobruk. When he had delivered his hostages, one of the Italian officers said to him, "Well, you did a good job of it, getting us to surrender, but you had a lot of help. Help in the form of a spreading discontent in our army. The men know they are not fighting for Italy, but for a man they hate: Adolf Hitler. A prison camp is better than that!"

RUMANIA: The Rumanian pot has stopped boiling . . . for how long? As wild as a thermometer rushed from ice-box to furnace, the Rumanian temperament loves violence. To help along the violence there has been a 300-400% rise in food prices in Rumania.

Out of Rumanian Moldavia, the most anti-Semitic town in the most anti-Semitic country in Europe, came Ion Codreanu, head of the strong-arm, green-shirted Iron Guard (founded by his martyred son, Corneliu). The Guard is pro-Nazi, of course, and also furiously, ferociously patriotic; they have watched

the growing German domination with a fiery restlessness. Now they have rebelled, fought the Germans openly, and have been defeated. Thousands died in the fighting, but "order" was restored by Premier Antonescu, the German-cats-paw-ruler of the country.

But is order restored? On the radio, Antonescu roars: "I have behind me the royal shadow of the great Fuehrer and the honor of German might. . . ." Interrupted by another radio voice, trying to jam Antonescu off the air, an unknown patriot shouted that the Premier was a traitor, that he had sold out to the Germans. That doesn't look much like order.

Hitler must hold Rumania if he is to win; if he were to lose that Rumanian oil, he would be in a bad spot. It is not improbable that he will take over Rumania rather than see that oil cut off. With Rumania "swallowed" on top of Italy . . . !

Once, in Singapore, we saw a huge snake that had tried to swallow a deer. The snake burst.

CHIANG: Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek turned this week on enemies in his rear—Chinese enemies. They are the Communist forces under Generals Yeh and Chou. After nine days of Chinese fighting Chinese, Yeh was captured, Chou disbanded his army and Chiang seemed the winner of his civil war.

There are seeds of future trouble here. Chiang was busy fighting the Communists when Japan marched into Peking, but once the common enemy was in sight, the Communists joined forces against him. It is possible that Japanese propaganda may have reached the Communists; they may have been bought off. If Japan (or Russia!) were to make these Communists believe that they would be better off under Japan than under old Chiang, then China would be in a desperate position.

News more encouraging to China came the other day out of Tokyo. Premier Konoye, officially, has admitted that after all the blood and woe and war and suffering, after all the millions thrown away on bombs, bullets, guns, planes and tanks, Japan is no nearer a real settlement of the China incident than she was the day she started it. We wonder what the Japanese business man and housewife thinks of that.

Never, never will Japan whip these Chinese. Japan can have all the military resources in the universe, but you never conquer a people with an unconquerable soul.

GANDHI: "Two out of ten Englishmen," says Winston Churchill, "depend on India." The land of Gandhi is the brightest jewel in the Empire's crown—and writes the London *Times* man from Bombay: "India is in a state of political ferment for which no parallel can be found since the civil disobedience movement of ten years ago." At the beginning of the World War, this writer ad-

vised: "Watch Gandhi and India!"

Gandhi plays a crafty, dangerous game in his quest for the complete freedom of India. Obeying to the letter the Viceroy's order against civil disobedience, Gandhi arranges for his followers to make speeches in the villages; then, somehow or other, the British authorities are tipped off that a disobedience speech is to be made, and the follower is arrested—before he has spoken a word. Arrested before committing a crime! Jailed without a trial! It is perfect ammunition for the "Free India" men.

Ten months back Gandhi said, "Riots would be a welcome relief if that is the price we must pay for freedom." Since then, he has been even more lenient to violence. If he were to be arrested now, the Hindu-Moslem pot would surely boil over.

MOSCOW: Russia breathed a new breath this week with the news that the "moral embargo" of the U.S. against export of American planes to Russia had been lifted. Britain protested, strongly. And all Americans wondered what it was all about.

We haven't any entree to the Department of State in Washington, but we venture to suggest that the government there is not doing this to aid Russia help Germany against England. This move does not mean that we have handed Stalin a coat of moral whitewash, or declared the invaders of Finland clean and sweet. Nor does it mean very much in way of trade.

The airplanes, kept from Russia by the embargo, will still be kept from her by the license system. Airplane factories here can give no time or production to Moscow; Allied orders will keep them busy until it's all over. What it really amounts to is better understanding between Moscow and Washington—which may be a good thing, as a preliminary step in weaning Russia from the Axis.

Russia, if truth be told, fears a German victory more than a British triumph. She will be smart to play along with the U.S.; we will be smart in alienating what we can of her good will toward Adolf Hitler.

Nothing, not even a government action, can remove the moral stigma on Russia; nothing could wash the blood from the hands of Lady Macbeth!

CHURCH NEWS

ALL ONE BODY, WE: The disunion of the church has been giving glee and ammunition to the anti-churchman for years; constantly we have heard the stinging question: "Why can't you Christians get together?" There is an answer to that in the news of the month.

The churches of the United States, up to the end of last December, (last

complete figures available) have sent a total of \$376,096 to sustain the orphaned missions that are temporarily separated by the war from their parent churches in Europe. The Churches of Great Britain, desperate as they are, have given \$18,565 for these missions, besides maintaining at full strength their own missions. And from China—yes, China!—comes a gift of \$1,709.83!

All one body, we! What the anti-churchman fails to see is the inner bond that runs like fire through the heart of the church; it is the only bond of co-operation left in a world gone almost completely mad!

TRUE AND FALSE: Misleading reports have been circulated concerning the "withdrawal" of mission bodies in war areas; the Presbyterians are a case in



EUGENE E. BARNETT, NEWLY ELECTED GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL, Y.M.C.A. AND INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE, Y.M.C.A.

What he says:

"In the midst of spreading chaos and anarchy the world Christian community stands as the most universal force uniting men drawn from all races, nations and classes in the world today."

point. We quote from a Presbyterian news release: "Not one Presbyterian mission has been closed because of the war . . . There have been adjustments in missionary strategy in China, Chosen, Japan and Iran, but the work goes on . . ." We will be wise to wait until the reports are all in before we try to distinguish true from false in such news.

ONE PER CENT: The Institute for Propaganda Analysis is performing a valuable function in the confusion of the hour, sifting wheat from chaff, information and news from misinformation. Latest sifting has been in the matter of U. S. church opposition to the war.

Virtually every church denomination in America now makes some provision for those of its membership who con-

scientiously object to going to war. Yet, even though this religious opposition to Mars is much stronger than it was in 1917, it still represents less than one per cent of the country's total church membership. Total number of Christian pacifists in the country, right now, is probably about 450,000; they are a powerful minority who will flourish under opposition.

Draft officials give us another angle; the Selective Service officials in Washington estimate that one per cent of the first 800,000 draftees called up filed questionnaires as conscientious objectors.

Only one per cent—but that's more than we had in 1917!

POLL TAX: The poll tax, an old American institution, has been under fire many times in our history, from one group or another, but up until last month we have never heard of a church group opposing it. The Memphis Ministerial Association has just had a lively argument over whether or not the repeal of their poll tax might be a "moral issue." Evidently they decided that it was; for they have voted almost unanimously to petition the Tennessee State legislature to repeal it.

This law in Tennessee is seventy-two years old; it was passed originally to disqualify Negro "Republicans" after the Civil War.

CONTINUOUS: Church membership statistics, no doubt, are in a bad way. Too serious discrepancies in reports taken by different agencies call for a frank facing of a situation that gives no credit to the church, and Rochester, (N.Y.) has started something in that direction.

There is to be a *continuing* religious census in Rochester, under the Federation of Churches. Each Protestant church in the Federation is assigned an area—in its own neighborhood, if possible, or in some outlying section—for which it is responsible. Cards with blank spaces for the registration of name, address, church affiliation—or preference—of each person in that area are circulated. Members of the various churches in the area are assigned certain streets to be covered in securing the information.

Once the cards are filled out, they are assigned to churches for which the person enrolled has expressed preference, if he is not already enrolled. The procedure will be repeated every twelve months. There may be flaws in the plan, but it looks as good as any plan we've seen in many a moon.

DECLINING: It is to the glory of America and America's churches that anti-Semitism has been a national target since long before Hitler. The fruits of that are just beginning to be seen.

Pointing out that "even at its height anti-Semitism never succeeded in making serious inroads on American public opinion but always remained an under-

world movement, disapproved and condemned by all decent Americans," the American Jewish Committee reports that Anti-Jewish agitation has "struck a new low of disrepute" as the war has gone on. There is, they note, "a definite lack of interest among those sections of the population which had formerly listened to the mouthings or read the scribbles of mischief-making rabble-rousers and misguided fanatics." They also show that in the recent national elections, those candidates who were associated with anti-Jewish activities were turned down at the polls.

We're getting there. Slowly? Perhaps—but it is the slow dripping of the water that wears away the stone.

MOBILIZING: A four-year plan to "mobilize the Southern Baptist Church into one united group for Christian action has been put under way by the Baptist Training Union. It is a four-year, two-point program. Each Baptist will be urged to secure one other for Christ, and a drive will be made to establish training unions in practically every Baptist church in Dixie.

The Baptists are thinking in terms of getting and training, these days. It may have arisen out of the slogan of the Baptist Church School Advance (a Northern Baptist institution) which has for its slogan "Reach All You Can, Teach All You Reach, Win All You Teach, Enlist All You Win, Train All You Enlist."

Church School Advance, incidentally, now enrolls over forty-five per cent of all church schools in the Northern Baptist Convention, and they are about to enter on their second year of the drive. Good luck, Baptists: it's a great idea.

FOR CHINA RELIEF: The American people are to be asked to give five million dollars for the victims of the war in China in 1941. This will be five times as much as has been given in each of the years since the war began, in 1937. The official agency of the Protestant churches which will handle money given by the churches is the Church Committee for China Relief. Secular groups and the general public will be reached through other channels. This special provision is designed to safeguard the world relief program, including China relief, which most of the denominations are promoting. Local churches are assured that they may share in this effort for China and yet remain loyal to their denominational commitments. Full information will be supplied by the Church Committee for China Relief, 105 East 22d Street, New York, N. Y.

COSTLY, MODERN: In Columbus, Indiana, the Disciples of Christ are erecting one of the costliest churches in the world. It will shelter the religious activities of 1500 Disciples. It is composed of two box-like buildings connected by a long box-like bridge, topped by a 166-

foot box-like tower and beautified by a box-like 140-120 pool of water that will be used for ice-skating in winter.

Planned by Finnish Eliel Saarinen and his son, it will cost \$600,000, and it is said by its architects to be "based upon the fundamentals of architecture," just as the Disciples church is "based upon the fundamentals of Christianity." It is held to be an indication that the church is returning to her old status as patron of creative architecture, and we suppose that is a good thing. Still, we wonder whether this pool and tower will rouse in us the deep voices we hear in the soul when we stand under the windows of St. Thomas, or consider the spires of Canterbury. It may be good to keep up with the times, but there is an agelessness about God that is the antithesis of modernism.

DRAMA: Broadway recently had a fine little play that just couldn't last. It was "Journey To Jerusalem," a story depicting the sufferings of the Jews under Herod Antipas and the young Christ's visit to the doctors in the temple. It couldn't last, on Broadway.

Efforts are being made to make it last for the churches. The play has been screened with the original cast, by Theater-on-Film, an organization which plans to produce four to six stage productions per year. Recorded on 16 mm. film, these plays will be available for schools, churches, charitable and social institutions and the home.

We commend "Journey To Jerusalem," even though we haven't seen the film version. We saw it on the stage; it is a deeply moving thing, performed by real artists. [We have seen it and agree. Ed.]

SCHOOLS, RELIGION: Nicholas Murray Butler recently spoke his mind on the deplorable lack of religious instruction in the schools. The idea has been taken up by several leading churchmen, who also see a great lack in modern education.

Dr. Paul C. Bayne, General Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, claims that modern educational systems fail to provide adequate life philosophies and fail also to recognize any obligation to do so. Dr. A. R. Keppel, Executive Secretary of the Board of Christian Education of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, declares that "the present moral and political degeneracy is due to the failure of education to recognize the obligations of religion." He urges a restoration of "the Christian impulse" to education.

What makes it worse is that the victims of all this are college students who are, according to Methodist Dr. H. W. McPherson, "no longer hostile (to religion), or apologetic, but serious and inquiring."

This college youth may be more sinned against than sinning. Not a few of us, years out of college, can recall that we

had little sympathy in our spiritual questing from many of our teachers, and that the efforts of the Church to help were all too often inadequate or stalemated by other, more powerfully-directed campus influences.

It isn't what it used to be, on the campus; the churches have made determined attempts to strengthen their forces among the students. Now it may be the turn of the college itself to lend a hand, and do its part.

TEMPERANCE

THE GENERAL SPEAKS: General Marshall, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, is a bit worried. In a radio address the other evening, he said that while the Army could take care of the activities of soldiers on military posts and other government territory, Army authorities were really concerned about who took care of the soldier's recreation when he left the post. "Once the soldier goes to town," says the general, "trouble is likely to begin."

Right! Establishments for the selling of liquor, for instance, are becoming increasingly active in communities adjacent to the camp. "Here is the field," says General Marshall, "where, it seems to me, an obligation exists on the part of the communities to do this work." And he is right.

The American soldier and sailor is, by and large, clean and fine; he must be kept that way, mentally, morally, and physically—and *your community and mine must do what the Army and Navy can't do to keep him that way, off post.* It will be nothing short of criminal shame if we in the churches pray over him in the camp, and turn him over to the liquor barons—and worse—when he wanders into our communities.

What is your community doing?

BANNER YEAR: Complete statistics are not yet available, but from what we have, we think John Barleycorn had a banner year of it in 1940. A funny, inexplicable thing happened in 1940: drinking went to a new high, and so did fatal auto accidents! Can there possibly be any connection?

1940 will probably set a new high for the consumption of liquor; the two-billion-gallon mark will undoubtedly be established. The National Safety Council reports a *three-year* high mark for highway deaths.

For the first eight months of 1940, liquor consumption increased an approximate seventeen per cent over 1939. During the year's first nine months, traffic deaths increased seven per cent. New and old drinkers consumed 25,681,392 more gallons of liquor per month in 1940, January to September, than in 1939. Traffic deaths through September had increased by 1500!

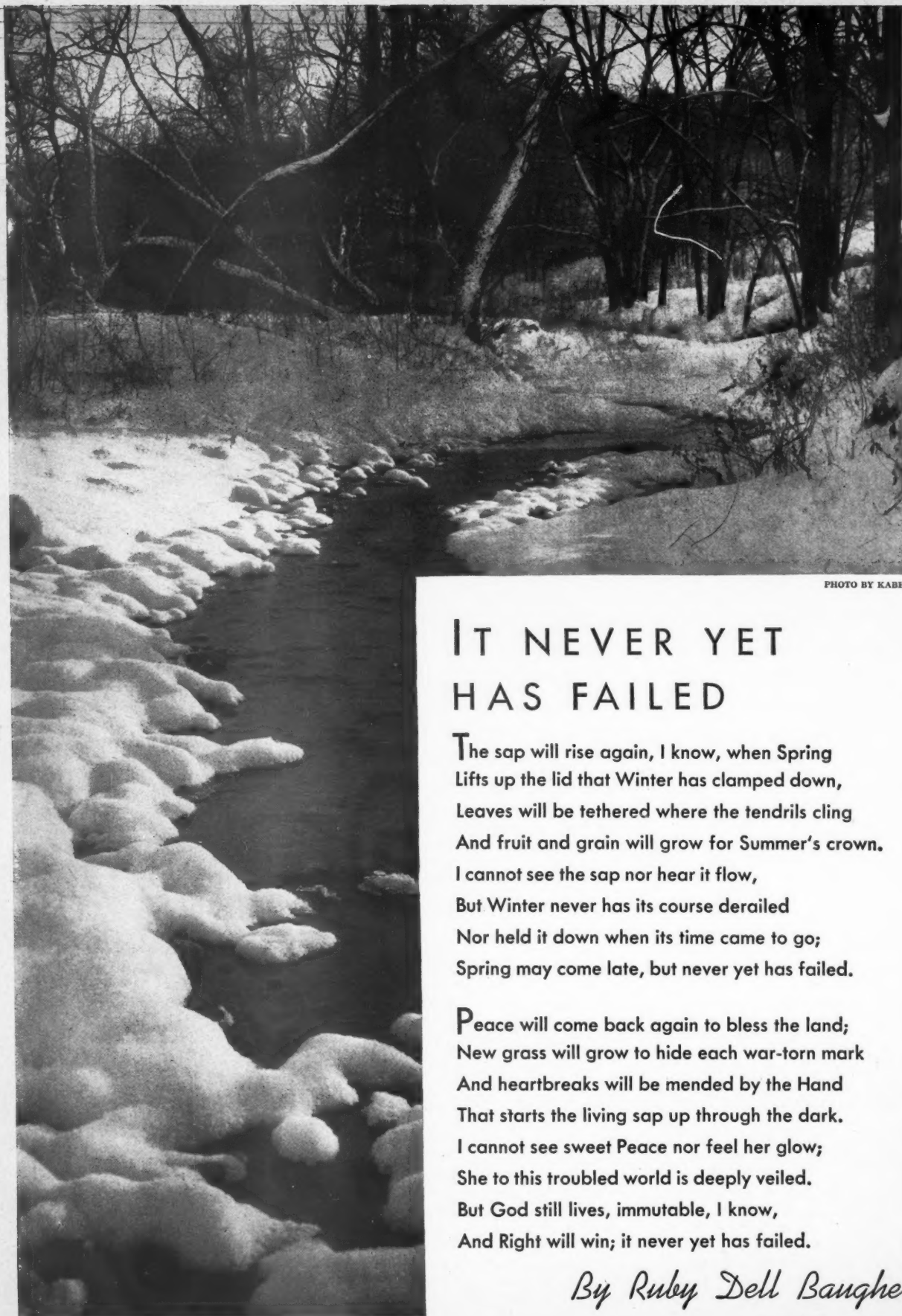


PHOTO BY KABEL

IT NEVER YET HAS FAILED

The sap will rise again, I know, when Spring
Lifts up the lid that Winter has clamped down,
Leaves will be tethered where the tendrils cling
And fruit and grain will grow for Summer's crown.
I cannot see the sap nor hear it flow,
But Winter never has its course derailed
Nor held it down when its time came to go;
Spring may come late, but never yet has failed.

Peace will come back again to bless the land;
New grass will grow to hide each war-torn mark
And heartbreaks will be mended by the Hand
That starts the living sap up through the dark.
I cannot see sweet Peace nor feel her glow;
She to this troubled world is deeply veiled.
But God still lives, immutable, I know,
And Right will win; it never yet has failed.

By Ruby Dell Baugher

CHRISTIAN HERALD

March
1941



CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



DECORATIONS BY ZADIG



BORIS KHRAMOV, the chief of telegraph and telephone service in the city of Pyatigorsk, rose to great importance in those days of 1916. We all lived under the strain of expectation; the very air seemed to be charged with the approaching change. Many of us did not know what that change would be; some secretly called it "revolution," without grasping its meaning, but all were sure that something would happen.

I was a new man in Pyatigorsk, for three years before I had had no idea of settling there; but driven from my youth by an urge for wealth, which I failed to acquire in the practice of law and in journalism, I turned to the stock exchange. Realizing a considerable sum of money, I came to Pyatigorsk for a vacation; there I was offered a big hotel, and I gladly invested several hundred thou-

sand rubles because I saw in that hotel the future materialization of my dream to become a millionaire. My family, consisting of my wife and three children, continued to live in Moscow, where I visited them as frequently as possible, for my business demanded a great deal of time and attention.

Our city of thirty thousand inhabit-

ants, a fashionable resort which yearly attracted over fifty thousand men and women from all over Russia, in the winter time was a quiet place, a typical provincial town with plenty of leisure for everyone, with monotonous dullness permeated with gossip. Two local newspapers which, like all of us, lived on summer visitors and shrunk in size after their

This is the first installment of Mr. Stacey's remarkable serial, more dramatic than any fiction, yet wholly true; the story of a prosperous Russian business man who, like so many Americans, today, was sure that "it can't happen here;" but it did, and in less than a year he found himself penniless, then a fugitive, finally a refugee from his native land

By Alexander Stacey



departure, contained little information from outside. Separated from Petrograd by two thousand miles, we nourished our curiosity with various rumors the sources of which could never have been traced. Boris Khramov was the most reliable source of information, and though he was in great demand everywhere, he never missed a supper at my hotel with our group of intellectuals which, besides Khramov and me, consisted of two lawyers, several teachers, a journalist, a mining engineer and two physicians. When he was late, we knew that there was some serious news and patiently waited for him. The Tsar's government was very careful about keeping all undesirable information from the people.

One night in January, 1917, Boris appeared in our company very late. Extraordinarily serious, he slowly ate his supper, while we were silently sipping our tea. Finally he broke out, "Yes," he said, as if to himself, "we are quietly eating and drinking in this obscure corner of the land, while all Russia is on the verge of great events."

"Has anything happened?" interrupted Volkov, the journalist. "Boris, my dear friend, do not try our patience endlessly; tell us what is on your mind."

Boris rose, looked to see whether any waiter was behind the door, and returning to the table, whispered, "It is the beginning, gentlemen; it is the beginning. Rasputin is murdered."

For a moment we were dumbfounded. The Tsar's favorite, the most influential man in Russia, though almost illiterate, was forever removed. Like most of the Russian people we thought Rasputin the greatest evil and the main cause of all the misfortunes of Russia. Volkov was the first to recover.

"Hurray" he shouted, "Let's celebrate!"

"Gentlemen," Boris warned us, "this is a secret, a great secret. Only because of our friendship have I revealed it to you. I risk my position."

After the first moments of joy, some one asked Khramov, "But are you sure that this is the truth and not an unwarranted rumor?"

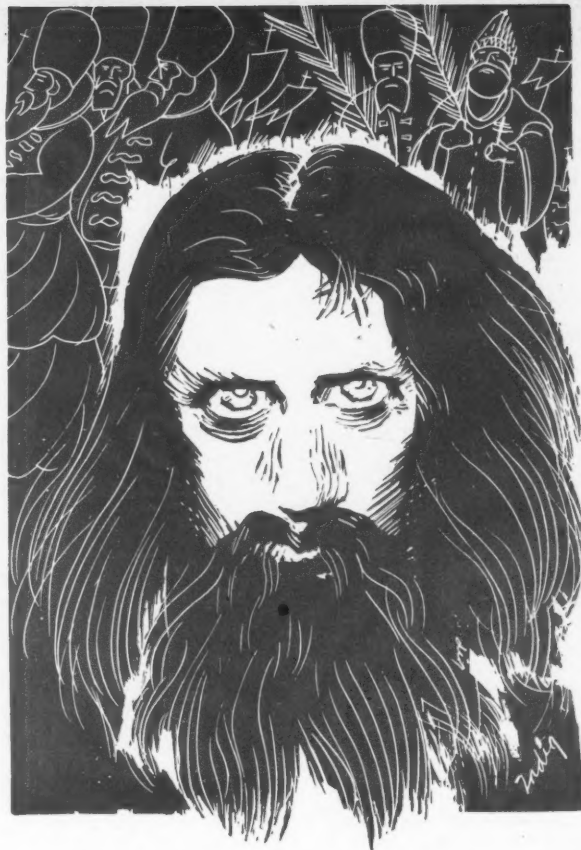
"It is a fact," asserted Boris. "A telegram to the censor orders that no news of the murder of Rasputin be published in our newspapers."

In a few days everybody knew of the murder—through the service of the government. The over-eager Secretary of the Interior had sent "strictly confidential" telegrams to all governors and censors, urging them to take measures to prevent the spread of this undesirable news. The telegraph chiefs were the first to know the secret, then the addressees, then the editors of newspapers, then their friends, and friends' friends. The prestige of Khramov reached unprecedented heights in our eyes. Of course, he knew no details, a fact that opened an unlimited field for speculation and imagination and created rumors, one more fantastic than another.

One thing, however, was certain, that the long-expected change was nearer than ever before, although nobody suspected how near. We all went about our business, as usual never realizing how inadequately we were equipped to adapt ourselves to imminent new conditions. Occasional newcomers from the north told us about great unrest among workers in the capital and in other cities, about strikes in factories and mills, about street demonstrations as well as shortage of food supplies; but all that information was somewhat strange for our beautiful city, shining in the warm January sun, with its surrounding granite mountains which seemed to separate us from the troubled world outside.

There were no factories in our place and consequently no proletariat. The Ukraine, the granary of Russia, was around the corner and she never failed to supply us with all necessary products. Thus the coming change, even a revolution, was rather of academic interest to our small, closed world. We discussed all the news every evening, never turning our attention to it during the working day. To be sure, we all believed that a revolution would be a fine thing for Russia, just what she needed; but we were far from the center of the maelstrom. What could we do? How could we help? Even Khramov and a few others who talked about our tragedy of forced inactivity did not themselves believe their words because they never decided what action was necessary, and like us all, were unprepared for action.

During February everything seemed to be quiet. Only the news concerning strikes and bread lines in the capital came more frequently, but in our city of peace and plenty it had already lost any flavor of news. Rather we would speculate on the participants in the plot which had eliminated Rasputin. Information, however, was scarce. There was some hint that Grand Duke Dmitry Pavlovich had something to do with it, because he



Rasputin had a long black beard, and exceedingly sharp and piercing eyes, denoting will power and determination. He dominated the Tsar, and became the most powerful man in all Russia

had been appointed by the Tsar to the Persian Front, and our newspapers were warned against releasing that news. The appointment looked like banishment from the capital, and we immediately connected it with the murder of Rasputin. We were right, but at that time it was only our guess.

One thing, however, aroused our suspicion, namely the activity of our local captain of police, Martynov, whose duty it was to watch over radical and revolutionary elements in our city. To our best knowledge these elements were limited to a small group of intellectuals, who on account of poor health had been exiled to our resort instead of the usual points of administrative deportation. Martynov rarely was seen in public places and played cards day and night with his assistant and a few police officers. In February, however, he began to visit all our hotels inquiring about some of the guests, whose passports, according to regulations, were presented to police headquarters every morning. Although those visits had no visible results, we were aware that something was happening in the capital, and Martynov had been ordered to take some measures of precaution. Temperamental Khramov,

pretending to know everything, warned us that it would be wise to destroy all letters and literature which might arouse the suspicion of Martynov in case of search. We only ridiculed him, although later it was disclosed that perhaps because of lack of revolutionaries Martynov had placed the names of our small and harmless group of intellectuals, who gathered together for supper every night, on a list of radicals.

Early in March Boris Khranov rushed to our dining room and without his usual secretiveness announced, "Gentlemen, the Tsar has abdicated. Long live free and democratic Russia!" He had received an official telegram from Petrograd. The Revolution was a fact. Our newspapers issued extra editions, advising that the radical members of the State *Duma* (a parody upon a parliament) had succeeded in their demand for the abdication of the Tsar, and a Provisional Government was in process of formation. The enthusiasm of the people was so great that people kissed one another in the streets and other public places, expressing their mutual congratulations over such joyful news. Everyone seemed to be a revolutionary. The same night two lawyers called a public meeting in the theater which was filled to capacity. Silent for centuries, Russia now lost her self-control and talked and talked. People whom nobody could have suspected as able to utter a sentence in public now turned out to be orators. We talked at the meetings, in the cafeterias and restaurants, at the places of work and in private homes. The subject of all speeches was the same. We talked about what a wonderful life was ahead for every individual and what a glorious future was in store for our country. It goes without saying that every speaker was rewarded with long applause almost after each sentence, although it was doubtful whether after two or three days we cared to listen. Nevertheless to attend a meeting was some kind of civil duty in addition to an indescribable joy never before experienced. The words *freedom, liberty, Russia* served as signals for ovations and were greeted by applause and "Hurrahs." Surplus energy accumulated for centuries seemed to find its normal release at those meetings, held for the first time in Russian history without fear of the policeman. There were no disturbances in the beginning because there was no argument; all agreed that what we wanted now had happened. There were no dissenters; we all were one. This situation, however, changed soon after the new Municipal Council had been elected. Enthusiasm gradually declined, and life turned into its usual channels, which were now marked with some distinct signs of the new times. The employees of my hotel elected a special Council "for protection of their interests": after a few policemen had been disarmed by a mob, the Municipal Council replaced all the police

force by the militia, who performed the same functions as the police before them, only less efficiently. Every day people refused to pay in restaurants because of the "new freedom." In general, however, life was running more or less smoothly until the new Municipal Council decided to define its attitude toward the World War. The fathers of the city were sharply divided into two groups, one insisting on the continuation of the war to a glorious end, the other on the withdrawal of the army from the front, although such withdrawal would mean betrayal of the Allies—Great Britain, France, Italy, etc. Consequently, other citizens also found themselves in two opposite camps. When the Provisional Government announced that the Constituent Assembly would be elected in November, in order to choose a form of government for Russia, the number of people who thought differently increased. A small group of Monarchists demanded the restoration of the absolute monarchy. They, however, were not popular. A larger group stood for a constitutional monarchy like that in England; still another group desired a republic after the American pattern, and all showed intolerance and bitterness toward their opponents, gradually disrupting that accord and union with which the abdication of the Tsar had been met in the beginning. The Revolution had not brought the magic transformation of life of which we had dreamed, but it laid a foundation for a bitter struggle and for hatred.

Moreover, an event which took place in July acquainted us with the meaning of anarchy as a sign of approaching chaos; and for the first time some of us began to realize that the old regime was not as bad as we had thought, at least, for the class to which I belonged.

One morning I was called by the mayor of our city, Orlov, to come immediately to the Municipal Building. When I arrived, most of our prominent businessmen and capitalists were already there. Probably fifty persons, who filled the room of the Municipal Council, were listening to two soldiers, the representatives of a regiment, the name of which I have now forgotten. The soldiers, armed with guns, felt masters of the situation.

"Citizens," one of them, a tall and husky man, cried, "We do not mean any harm. As friends we come

to ask for your help. For three years we have shed our blood for the fatherland, and now we are on our way home. We have spent all our money, and we have nothing, not even tobacco. Our regiment is waiting for your decision."

Mayor Orlov said, "We understand your position, but why don't you apply to the Secretary of War? We are municipal authorities, and we can spend money only according to established rules. Your request is quite unusual."

The soldier immediately retorted. "The war and the Revolution are also unusual; everything today is unusual. What we want is only a loan, fifty thousand rubles (the equivalent, at that time, of about twenty-six thousand dollars); you will receive your money back from the Secretary of War."

"We have to call a meeting," Orlov replied. "I cannot decide this question alone."

"You are not alone. You see how many people are in the room. If each gives one thousand rubles, you can collect the money in ten minutes."

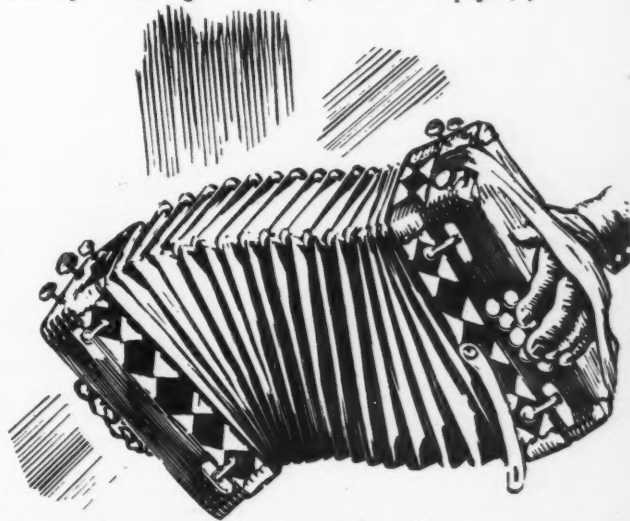
Apparently it was useless to argue. One of our businessmen, Strelkov, said to Orlov, "Call Petrograd by telephone, and ask for instruction. It is a robbery in broad daylight."

"Citizen," the soldier turned to him, "You'd better choose your words more carefully. You may pay for them. Do you know what fifteen hundred armed and hungry men mean? Do you want them to come and talk with you? All right, we'll call them."

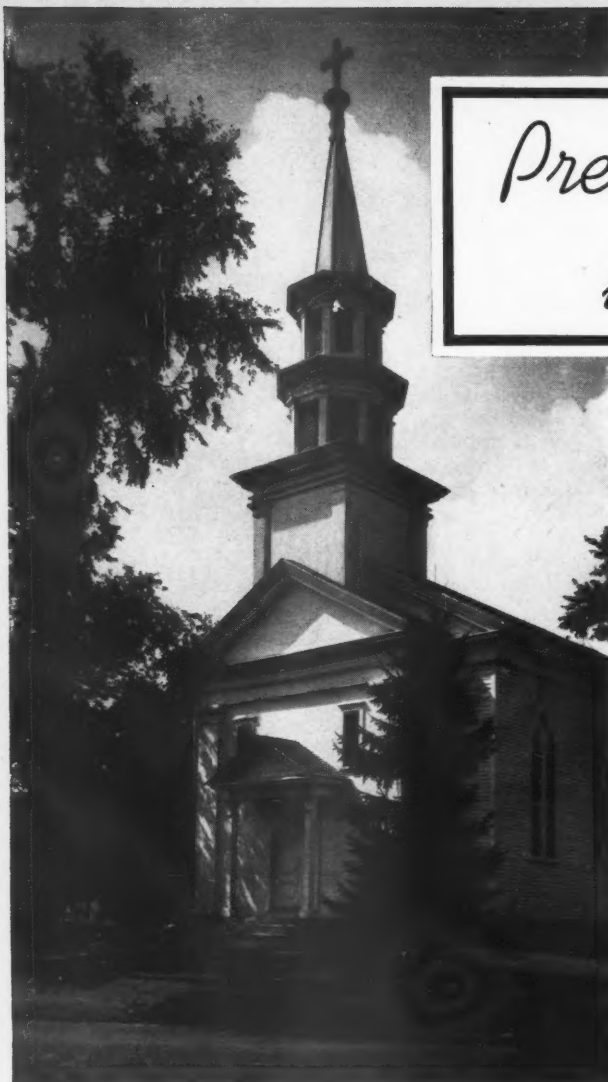
"Don't get excited," Orlov interrupted, "Wait a minute, we will discuss the question."

"That's better," the other soldier remarked. "We give you fifteen minutes; and remember, we are not begging. This is a loan."

Orlov showed the soldiers to his study and returned to us, "Well, what is your
(Continued on page 49)



I was fond of music and had become an expert performer on the accordion



© Dayton Sailer

The beautiful and historic Christ Church (Episcopal) in Redding Ridge, Connecticut, first erected in 1732, and rebuilt in 1833. Architect unknown

Preserving Beauty with PAINT

be, and raising the funds to meet the expense involved.

The question of preserving the actual structure of the edifice though is one which belongs to the painter and yet, if the job is to be properly done so that the building is painted economically, it behooves the board of trustees to know something of the subject.

One thing, of course, can be decided on without any basic knowledge of paints and painting problems. That is the choice of exterior colors to be used. Most churches, other than stone, are painted white with dark roof and this appears to be an accepted standard in the exterior painting of churches.

The greatest consideration has to be given to the selection of the paint materials if the job is to be an economical one, both from first costs and from the

manner in which it wears down and the length of time it satisfactorily protects the structure.

Of course, paint is manufactured in different grades. There are, roughly, four general classifications for exterior paints. There are those appealing, low first-cost paints, that look just as nice in the can as the more expensive paints, but they should be regarded with suspicion. They will not weather well because they contain inferior ingredients. The next group

consists of paints high in first cost but poor in quality. The price one pays for these makes them impressive. According to the printed formulae on the labels, they may contain excessive amounts of calcium carbonate, silica, magnesium and aluminum silicates, barytes, and so forth, which to the non-technical man may seem quite substantial even to the point where they assure good quality. But to the initiated these terms merely mean chalk, sand, talc, and other really worthless ingredients. To safeguard paint users against such poor paints, eight states have passed paint regulatory laws.

The third general group of paints may be considered as high-quality products, as they have a high white lead content and are sold as prepared paint, ready mixed for use. Such high quality paint will, if properly applied by experienced painters, give satisfactory, dependable service.

The fourth type of paint is the one anyone can buy with absolute assurance of purity; for the ingredients are sold separately in sealed containers so that they are mixed right on the job. This paint consists of white lead paste mixed to painting consistency with linseed oil, turpentine and drier and, in those instances where a color is preferred to a straight white, colors-in-oil, also purchased separately, are mixed in the formula until the desired tint is obtained. Just this past year, some manufacturers have placed on the market a ready-mixed white lead paint prepared in a wide variety of standard tints and colors which offsets mixing on the job.

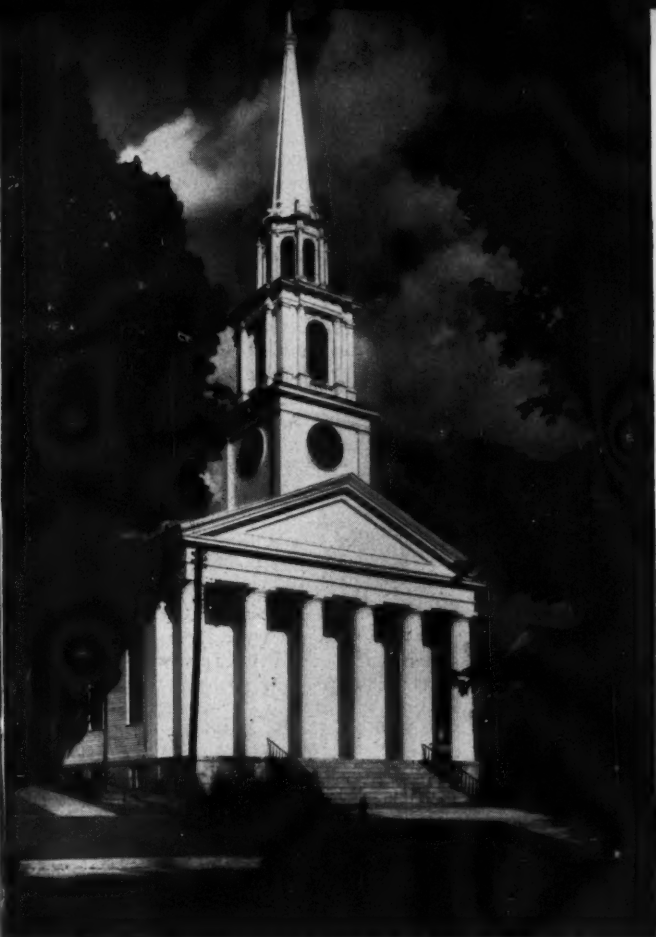
Paint really consists of pigment and vehicle, and the durability (and therefore, the economy) of paint depends to a great extent on the purity of the ingredients. When white lead paste is reduced to paint, its cost may be as much as a dollar a gallon cheaper than the high-quality, ready-mixed paints, yet it will have the same degree of durability and give just as attractive an appearance to the finished job.

St. Joseph's cathedral, at Bardstown, Kentucky, is the second oldest in the United States and is the oldest west of the Alleghany mountains. For the past 123 years its exterior has been painted with pure white lead and oil paint. To

For preserving the woodwork of your church building, also to maintain its beauty, paint is essential. What kind of paint to choose, how to select colors, how to prepare the surface, and how to apply the paint, is told in this practical article

By C. F. GREEVES-CARPENTER

THERE are many problems connected with the maintenance of churches and it is perhaps only natural that the seemingly simplest one is the one to which most attention should be paid. Heating systems go out of order, so does plumbing, and the roof needs repairing from time to time. These are major problems in maintenance but involve only the trouble of calling the heating or plumbing engineers or the roofer as the case may



Another historic church building is the First Congregational Church of New Milford, Connecticut, over a century old. Architect unknown

this fact is attributed the wonderful state of preservation of this historic edifice. The history of this cathedral, to digress for a moment, is so interesting that we cannot refrain from including it. King Louis Philippe of France, before ascending the throne, was in exile in this country. His wanderings finally took him to Bardstown, Kentucky, where, stranded and penniless, he was befriended by Benedict Flaget, the first Bishop of St. Joseph's. When Louis Philippe became king of France in 1830, he sent many rare and valuable paintings to St. Joseph's to show his gratitude. All these are on the walls of the cathedral today and their value is placed at \$750,000.

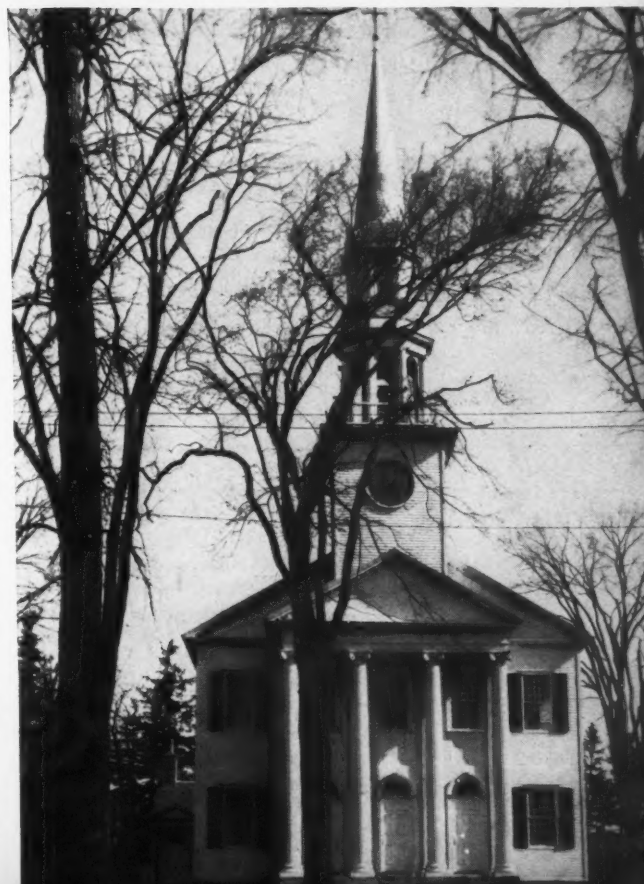
That is but one example of an historic church beautifully preserved for all posterity to enjoy, and there are many such in this country. On Long Island there are many beautiful old white framed churches having histories that go back to Colonial times. Outstanding among them for its gleaming white loveliness and simplicity of design is the First Presbyterian Church at Huntington, Long Island. Shades of British Redcoats and Washington's brave, tattered Continentals, in fancy, hover about the church and its vicinity. Founded in 1658, the redcoats razed the original building during

the Revolution and used its stout timbers to erect a fort against the attacking Americans. The present structure, with its graceful tower in the tradition of Sir Christopher Wren, was built in 1784, and not one of its hand-riven shingles used in lieu of clapboards, has ever had to be replaced. Its first painting was a coat of pure white lead and oil paint. Today, its everlasting whiteness and remarkable preservation after 155 years is credited in large measure to the fact that it has been given subsequent coats of white lead throughout the generations.

Of course, no



The beautiful old Congregational Church, New Canaan, Connecticut, completed in 1834. Original architect was Theophilus Smith. Architect of the new addition, G. K. Geerlings



Photos © Dayton Snider

Congregational Church, Litchfield, Connecticut, built in 1829. Original architect unknown. Architect of the restoration, Richard Dana



The historic First Presbyterian Church at Huntington, Long Island, 155 years old. Paint made of pure lead and oil has preserved its architectural beauty, Architect unknown

paint can preserve wood or any other surface once it has been allowed to deteriorate to the point where it is rotting. Neither is it possible to cover or paint over a surface on which the existing paint is in such poor condition that it has cracked or peeled in places. The board of trustees must be careful not to allow their perfectly laudable desire to conserve existing funds to get the best of their better judgment. There is a definite procedure to be followed if one would have the painting job prove durable and economical.

If the old paint surface is in such a condition that large areas have flaked or peeled, or where it shows extensive cracks, the most economical procedure—though its first cost is high—will be to have the entire old paint surface removed by burning or scraping it off. Then, when the surface is thoroughly dry—for on the degree of dryness of the wood, stucco, brick, plaster or allied material, the permanence of the paint job is largely dependent—the surface should receive a priming coat of white lead and oil paint mixed according to formula. When this

has thoroughly dried—usually three or four days are sufficient—then all nail holes and other surface irregularities should be puttied over.

Here again inquiry should be made into the type of putty to be used. Putties mixed with turpentine when the body and finish coats of paint have been applied and are dry, will quite frequently seep through in a yellowish stain that would spoil the fresh white appearance of the paint. Only a good grade of putty made from equal parts by weight of white lead paste and whiting should be used; while perhaps costing a trifle more, it will not seep through and the beauty of the paint job will not be marred with ugly, discolored spots.

Once the surface irregularities have been puttied over, then the body coat of paint should be applied and allowed to dry for several days before the finish coat is given. Painting, of course, should not be done during periods of high winds, when dust or insects would be apt to be blown against the structure and adhere to the paint. Neither should it be done when the temperature is apt to drop below 40°F.

The priming coat of white lead and oil paint provides the foundation for the successful anchorage for the body and finish coats. It penetrates the wood cells and, in drying, forms into a tough but elastic paint film that allows for the natural expansion and contraction in the surface it coats without cracking. The body coat usually is semi-gloss and the finish coat glossy.

Pure white lead and oil paint mixed on the job or the high-quality, ready-mixed paint containing a high percentage of white lead, will dry into a durable, elastic film that will neither crack nor flake. In fact, it will wear down so evenly that when it has reached the end of its natural lifetime, it actually will serve as the priming coat for the repaint job.

In other words, there is a tremendous economy effected; for the expensive preparation of the surface will be obviated, as burning or scraping off the old paint is entirely unnecessary due to its smooth, even surface; and the expense of one coat of paint, the priming coat, will also be avoided.

In some instances the board of trustees may wish to purchase the paint ingredients itself rather than have it included in the estimate; so in order to know the quantity necessary, the area to be painted will have to be computed. The total distance around the building should be measured and multiplied by its height. If there are gables, the area of these is determined by multiplying their height by half their width. The area of the porch is found by multiplying the length by the width.

The three answers should then be added together to determine the total number of square feet to be painted. White lead, reduced to painting consistency, will cover approximately 700 square feet of wood surface per gallon. So, in order to calculate the total number of gallons of white lead and oil paint, the total number of square feet to be painted is divided by 700 and the answer indicates the number of gallons of paint needed for one coat; if priming, body and finish surfaces are to be applied, this figure should be multiplied by three. Since 100 lbs. of white lead paste makes about six gallons of paint, the gallons required may be divided by six to determine the number of hundredweights of white lead paste to buy. Manufacturers will be glad to supply information for the special circumstances of each estimate.

The choice of color combinations, either for the exterior or interior of the church, is the outward and visible sign of good taste. Good judgment comes in forestalling paint breakdown by using only pure ingredients and having them properly applied by experienced painters, whether they be mixed on the job or consist of high-quality ready-mixed paint.

Churches would seem to be especially difficult subjects for interior painting as unusual temperature conditions are found
(Continued on page 47)

By

JOHN D. GREENE



A STRANGE thing is happening in Quincy, Massachusetts. The laymen are joyously herding each other to church. Kiwanis, Rotary, Quintonus, and the Chamber of Commerce have turned their great promotional abilities on church-going, somewhat to the surprise of the clergy; and Quincy, a pioneering kind of place which, to haul the granite for the Bunker Hill monument, built the first American railroad, may well have done another historic job of pioneering.

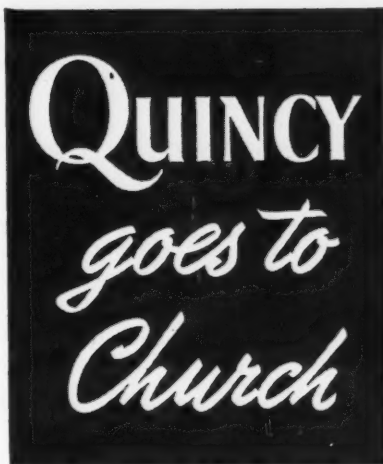
It all centers in the Church Attendance Council. In January, 1939, the Reverend Victor V. Sawyer, clergyman and Kiwanian, suggested to Kiwanis a layman's movement to increase church attendance through a series of noon religious services during Lent. It is a sign of the times, as indeed the whole Quincy movement is, that the suggestion caught hold instantly. Kiwanis knew that its first object is "to give primacy to the human and spiritual rather than to the material values of life." In a few days, the Church Attendance Council was created, of three members from each of Kiwanis, Rotary, the local Jewish Service Club Quintonus, and the Chamber of Commerce.

From that moment the Council did all the work, having its own officers, its own letterhead. A Protestant was chairman, a Catholic and a Jew vice-chairmen. To start, it got 300 other organizations to endorse the program of (1) getting people to go to church and (2) increasing cooperation between the different sects.

The first achievement was a series of six religious meetings, half an hour long, at noontime Wednesdays, in the Strand Theater. Church bells throughout Quincy rang for ten minutes before each meeting, and 500 to 1000 busy people came to each one, sang, listened to very short talks by minister, priest and rabbi, and went away, pleased with each other.

It worked so well that four more meetings were held the next January with all the preparatory build-up which the business clubs know so well. Attendance ran 500, 800, 1050, 1250. Again in October, 1940, the thing was repeated, with noted speakers from out of town. Protestant introduced Jewish speaker, Jew introduced Catholic, Catholic introduced Protestant. Every meeting hammered home the "go to church" theme. There were no collections.

Clergymen, slightly breathless at the growth and vigor of the movement, report attendance up from ten to twenty per cent. Mayor Burgin issues an official



proclamation now, forty churches work together, and Catholics, Protestants, and Jews are moved by the same idea and pull together toward the same goal.

"The Rabbi was good," wrote an Irish girl, freshman in a Quincy school. "It would be nice to hear him again, or another man of the same faith. I didn't know the ideals of the Jewish people."

"All my life I have attended one church and had one opinion," said another high school student. "Now I have the understanding of three different denominations instead of one."

The annual series of noonday meetings are not the whole story. Sunday after Easter in Quincy is "Walk to Church Sunday," with Seth Parker's slogan, "You go to your church and I'll go to mine, but let's walk along together." That is the theme song, too. All the city's church bells ring the preceding Saturday night, the newspaper advertises it, organizations work up their memberships. Quincy churches, that Sunday, are crowded with the biggest attendance of the year.

It is a lay movement, strictly. There are two or three important aspects of

that fact, which are basic to the whole subject of church-going.

In the first place, only a lay movement can campaign for church-going. The ministers cannot do it. Any such efforts on their part would meet with the "sales-resistance" which the clergy already know well.

Secondly, in the Quincy picture truth compels the statement that the one disappointing element is the fact that the clergy have not jumped into the campaign with eager support. They have agreed to it and said it is a good thing, and a few have worked actively with it. But they are a minority. When the business clubs invite all the Quincy clergy to lunch in connection with the annual drive, they do not all attend. About half do.

This aspect may have importance. To a layman like the writer, the thought suggests itself that the reaction of the general public is running somewhat ahead of the clergy in this matter of going to church. It seems that the people are ready for a more aggressive activity by the churches. The people, in any event, seem now willing to go more than half way, and it will be regrettable if the clergy even give the appearance of being sluggish about coming to meet them.

This is not in any way a criticism of the clergy of Quincy. After all, it was in the mind of one of them that the idea of the campaign was conceived; and unless they were all in accord with the campaign it would not of course have got beyond its first days. What I am trying to do is to record the facts; and one fact is that the laymen are showing more vigor than the clergy.

Another bit of Quincy pioneering: the Sunday nearest December 14 is Exchange Sunday. Clergymen exchange pulpits all over town. The congregations look forward to it.

All in all, a good buy for the \$235 it cost the first year, the \$350 it now costs. The service clubs and a few individuals make up the budget, which goes almost entirely to advertising and publicity. The able civic leader, Delcevere King, is the hard-working secretary, contributing office space and much time. Everybody gives something; the Quincy Patriot Ledger gives strong editorial and news support and generous advertising space. Theater owner Fred Murphy gives the theater. Stores and business houses give time and effort advertising and working up attendance.

A few words should be said about Delcevere King, both as an individual and as a symbol of one essential factor in any such campaign. Mr. King is Chairman of the Board of the Granite Trust Company, and a leader in many aspects of Quincy life. He read about the first motions of the Church Attendance Council, and immediately volunteered his help. Without it, the movement would not have prospered as it has, because

(Continued on page 56)



I AM NOT SLAINE

By Homer Croy

The finest thing in the world is human courage. And in this inspiring article the author tells of some brave Americans—among many, many others—who possessed that magnificent quality in a high degree



HAVE you, in the secret abiding place of your heart, some ringing phrase, some brave quatrain, that lifts you up when naught else will? I have, and I will give it to you, if you haven't it already. I know of nothing in the English language that is finer, or more deeply stirring, than these four lines in *Sea Kings of Scotland*.

*"Fight on, my men," said Sir Andrew Barton,
"Though I am hurte, I am not slaine.
I'll lay me down and bleede awhile,
And then I'll rise and fight againe."*

How can anyone in the world read those last two lines without feeling braver? How can any heart comprehend them without giving an extra kick or two? There it is, the very life-cycle of everyone of us: We must all "bleede awhile," for none in all the world can

escape that. And then we can "rise and fight againe!"

And how stirring it is to know how often human beings do "rise and fight againe!" Do you remember when they rose and fought againe in the black waters off Portsmouth, New Hampshire? That early morning fifty-nine of them went out with no inkling of what lay before them. The diving signal came. The controls were spun, air roared from the opened ballast-tank vents and the sea came in and took its place. Down they went—the fifty-nine—never dreaming, never suspecting. But it was not long until they did know something was wrong . . . water was pouring into the engine-room. Consternation was in that dark coffin. But cool nerves and heads were also there, and that splendid armor against death we call "the human spirit." You know the story and I will not tell it again; only this, which to me, is so stirring. The bulk-head door, between the control-room and the after-battery rooms, must be closed. And Electrician's Mate Lloyd Maness was there to close it. And, in spite of the ship's angle, he did close it; but, as it was going shut, the men in the room of doom called out, "Keep it open! Keep it open!" He let the door fall back, and five men struggled through. More and more water was there. The door had to close again, and the water-tight

CHRISTIAN HERALD

The determination and bravery of one flying American has been a noble example to countless others who have built our great air industry

screw was turned, and twenty-six were sealed in their sepulcher. And one of them was engaged to be married the next Sunday, and Maness was to have been his best man.

The other thirty-three were doomed, too; but not quite! You remember the stirring story—the smoke-bombs which were set free and which ignited on the surface to show where the *Squalus* was; the Momsen lungs; the men having to lie down and not exercise so as to conserve the oxygen supply. We have nothing finer, nothing more stirring, in the American book of bravery than the saga of these men who had lain down and bled a while and were ready to fight again. They had been hurt, but not slain, and they *did* rise, and my heart rises, too, as I set down these words.

I think of a man who has to fight another death almost as terrifying. It's not at the bottom of the sea, but it calls for the same high Courage. So far from the bottom of the sea was it that it was on a baseball diamond itself. They called him The Iron Man, and he was very nearly that, for he performed incredible feats of endurance. Sometimes they said he was more than that, and debated if he were not the greatest player the game had ever known. But, of course, that is a matter of opinion; anyway, he was close to the top and shone among the illustrious names that have made the game what it is. Lou Gehrig!

When his steps faltered and his bat was no longer true, he went to Rochester, Minn., and the Mayos told him he had a form of infantile paralysis. That news

was his present on his thirty-sixth birthday. . . .

There came a day to offset this, for the world loves a person who is not slaine, and a touching, moving tribute was paid. On the Fourth of July the crowds poured into the Yankee Stadium to show their appreciation of The Man Who Was Still Iron. And there he stood, when the time came, before the microphone—Gehrig who had smashed out one, two, three, even four home runs in a game—who was never to make another. The Mighty Gehrig. There he stood and what splendid words this baseball player spoke!

"I may have been given a bad break, but I still have an awful lot to live for."

And what an ovation the crowd gave him, for he had said exactly what Sir Andrew Barton had said: that he had lain down and bled a while, but was rising to fight again. The fans sent up a tremendous shout, for the world will always respond to that ringing challenge. And what a fine thing it is that we can do so; for we all, somewhere on our path, must meet defeat; the thing that counts is that we rise again.

I must tell you of another person who rose and fought again, this on a field remote from baseball. He was one of seven children in Columbus, Ohio, and when the war came he was in France as General Pershing's chauffeur. And now you will know he is Eddie Rickenbacker.

He wanted to do something more ambitious than move generals up and down behind the lines, so he managed to get into an air-training school. He wasn't in the air, at first; he was in the shops. But at last he was in the air; and so great was his ambition he wanted to take on the fabled Richthofen "Flying Circus."

Almost from the beginning, his performance was brilliant and his deeds thrilling. He worked out new ideas; he put into practise new methods. So daring was he that in one month he brought down five enemy planes! But he paid the penalty. Something went wrong. The doctors examined him and sent him to the hospital—mastoiditis. And then they broke the sad news. He was through as a pilot. He would never again be in the air.

But he had other ideas, and he rose and fought again. Rather successfully, too, after the doctors had told him his fighting days were over, for he brought down eighteen enemy planes. Not only that, but he was so skilled, so dauntless, such an inspiration to others, he was promoted to Captain, then to Squadron Commander! The doctors who had spoken so solemnly didn't know what to do about it.

So completely does the world take to its heart a person who can rise and fight again that when he returned to America he was its hero. Five different cities claimed him as their native son. Los Angeles hailed him in a plane of flowers. Columbus, Ohio, smiled.

I wish I had the opportunity to tell of others who have risen and fought again, but space is space and time is time. Why don't you read these lines again and set them in the privacy of your heart? I'm sure you'll never find any that are more stirring.

GOOD WILL *on Local Airwaves*

By ALICE
MARY
KIMBALL



UP TO the time that fanatical radio voice roared into our neighborhood from an obscure local station over the county line, the people on our road were always glad to see Mert Daggett coming. They thought of him as a "card," a clown, local funny man. "Yearp, I'm the homeliest man in this country," he would drawl. "C'n hook a sap-bucket square onto my nose. Can, for a fact."

Deep down in his heart, Mert resented his neighbors' opinion of him, but he salved his feelings by ridiculing himself before other people got around to it.

I speak of Mert in the past tense: because the man who made us laugh has taken to spreading hatred of others in order to prop up his own self-esteem.

Having grown a Charlie Chaplin mustache, he sees himself now as a man with a mission. He glowers through a carefully fixed-up forelock while talking about "pluto-democracy," "pseudo-democracy," and "mobocracy," and of the wonderful new world there'll be some day when "the Elders of Zion" who control the churches (and all nations but two or three) are overthrown.

"We're lying low," Mert tells his listeners. "But we'll come into the open within five years and march a million strong on Washington. It may be necessary," he adds, "to wade through blood."

Our unfortunate ex-jester is too rustic and harmless ever to be haled before the Dies Committee; but he has the same

hates and delusions, the same half-crazy, half-criminal zest for destruction that characterize known Fascist agitators. The term "Fifth Column" is often vaguely used to designate anybody that somebody else doesn't like. But Mert is a pin-point sample of the real thing—a tiny smear of the infection which has turned Europe into a apocalypse of horror.

Mert isn't lazy any more. He fills the ears of poolroom loafers, road-gangs eating lunch, idlers on the grocery store steps with his new witch-story of the "Elders" and tries to sell magazines and pamphlets put out by various sheeted, shirted, and "front" groups. Incidentally his literature business yields him a thin trickle of dimes and quarters.

You hear him making sarcastic remarks to the boys in the village garage, hushing up as customers drive in. That's because he thinks the men and women of the country who drive good cars, run tidy farms, belong to trade unions, teach school, occupy pulpits or own shops and stores are all conscious or unconscious tools of "The Elders." Some years ago Mert used to tell us the Catholics had a plot to take over the country. Al Smith would be elected. The Pope would pop right out of Ellis Island and take charge. He has babbled about labor union plots and mysterious Wall Street plots, too.

What can we do to counteract the hate propaganda spread by such frustrated men as Mert? Arguing against below-the-belt falsehoods is like refuting Little Red Riding Hood. And if we attempt to deny Mert his constitutional right of free speech, we'll make a martyr of him.

Back in New York for a winter's work, I happened to mention our small town hate-spreader to a radio educator who has prepared some excellent public service features for the major networks.

"Of course, there's something your community can do," he encouraged. "You have two allies: your local radio station and the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. You should begin right away to cooperate with National Religious Radio."

National Religious Radio, he informed me, is a division of the Federal Council that spreads intelligence and good will over the air. When it wants to get down to the grass roots where the Mert Daggetts have been at work, it mobilizes home town volunteer broadcasters and home town radio stations. Familiar voices spreading honest information that cuts the ground from under the hate-propagandists are welcomed into homes, stores, gasoline stations, and automobiles. The Federal Council has listed the names of hundreds of outstanding local men and women who can write a good script or make an effective radio talk. Many of them are clergymen, Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant.

"The man you ought to see," concluded my friend, "is Dr. Frank C. Goodman, who directs National Religious Radio. Get him to tell you how he puts across campaigns on the non-network stations. Then you'll see how your community can share the benefit of the Federal Council's radio planning. And you'll get an idea how any individual or church or organization can use local radio stations."

When Dr. Goodman, whose headquarters are at 297 Fourth Avenue, New York, starts a campaign of good will through the non-network stations, the power of 143,000 Christian churches is behind him. His problem is literally to overcome evil with good by appealing to the best in human nature: respect for truth, fair-mindedness, common decency, sympathy for the oppressed, and to the healthy-minded intuition that all men are kin.

"When the Federal Council begins a campaign, the first step is a good research job," Dr. Goodman told me. "The opponents of religion and democracy make their way by sensational falsehood. It is our responsibility to be factual, impartial, and widely informative. Now take our non-network campaign of 1940, 'A Plea For Better Understanding.' We got ready for it by ransacking the world for the facts necessary to give a soberly convincing picture of the workings of racism and religious hatred in the modern world. The Federal Council's world-wide contacts made it possible to draw on research bureaus of national organizations, universities, foreign correspondents, well-informed laymen and clergymen. Documents in many languages were translated. Facts were checked and re-checked.

"But a mountain-high collection of information is not available for radio use until a first-rate copy-job has been done on it," Dr. Goodman added. "You have to condense and interpret the facts—and this calls for the hard writing that makes easy reading and listening. The multi-graphed material to be passed on to hundreds of clergymen and laymen in local communities has to be 'good' radio: short words, short sentences, vivid and moving."

The program for "A Plea For Better Understanding" was so well done that it drew the enthusiastic endorsement of Neville Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters. "It is vitally important that this message be gotten across now," wrote Mr. Miller in a bulletin to every radio station in the United States.

From the headquarters of the Federal Council, thousands of letters describing the proposed campaign were sent to leading laymen, clergymen, and radio

stations, followed by a kit of material. "The primary aim of this radio campaign," the letter began, "is to lay essential facts before the American public in order that, through an educated public opinion, we, as a people, may profit from the example of many less fortunate European peoples living in countries where democracy has been destroyed by tactics that included the fomenting of racial and religious hatred and oppression.

"Leading Christian clergymen in hundreds of American cities, over their own local radio stations, are being asked by the Federal Council of Churches to 'lead the way' in this radio campaign, in the common interest of all racial and religious groups in America and for due



Battle Hymn

**"The Lord God Omnipotent is mighty,"
There is no stronger grouping of strong words
In any written language, dead or living:
A shield and buckler for the heart that girds
Itself in desperate struggle in an hour
When all is darkness and the peril near.
The Lord God's omnipotence and power
Is with the righteous, what is there to fear!**

**Hold to that shield, my Heart, in any battle,
Fasten that buckler close! O Soul, be strong,
"The Lord God omnipotent is mighty,"
Make it your theme, your rousing battle song,
Make it your hymn of praise, your joyous shout;
Strike down your fear of failure, crush your doubt.**

Grace Noll Crowell



recognition of the contributions of minorities in the life of society as a whole. The Christian church is showing a great awareness of the issues presented. It is interested in healing, conciliation, understanding, mutual aid and peace. The clergymen will present information and discuss the contributions which all interested citizens can make to the American democracy.

"The campaign aims, therefore, to contribute to securing an essential unity of the people, so that they may be spared the waves of intolerance that have destroyed not only minorities but also the rights and liberties of whole peoples. Ours is a nation of many heritages. We have many differences of occupation, creed, politics, race, etc. But, by respect for the rights of others, by good will and cooperation, the American people can also display an unmistakable unity in working for liberty, progress and peace,

denied the people of almost half the earth. Nothing seems more important for the general welfare at this hour."

Mert Daggett, busily spreading the virus of hate had no idea that a civilized force was rising around him and around the more sinister power-thirsty groups which use small men of his sort. But volunteer broadcasters, armed with the Federal Council's research material, were conferring with progressive program directors of radio stations from New York to Hawaii.

This nation-wide movement enlisting hundreds of stations and millions of people aroused tremendous enthusiasm. Mail began to pour into the Federal Council's New York office. A western clergyman wrote, "My house was blown away in a hurricane last week. . . . but you can count on my immediate cooperation." "I'm getting into action at once," said a message from Texas. "Maybe you'll be encouraged to know that from right here in the deep South I intend to broadcast on the contributions of the Negro to American life." And a man from Arkansas: "I confess you have stirred me with a desire to defend our threatened American heritage."

Pastors outlined lecture series. Titles: "We Americans and the Refugee," "What is Americanism?" "The Cultural and Spiritual Contributions of Jews, Catholics, and Protestants." Often a group of outstanding leaders—a Quaker, a rabbi, a Catholic priest—would discuss at luncheon the history of our hard-won democratic safeguards and what in practical terms they mean to the average man. Or they would analyze the basic teachings of the world's great religions. From stenographic records of such talks, radio scripts would be prepared.

From January 1 to June 1, the air waves hummed. Six hundred radio programs were put on, designed to overcome the harm done by false scare stories about "millions of refugees coming here to take our jobs," vicious propaganda against citizens of foreign origin, anti-Semitic slanders, and deliberately concocted myths about "inferior races." Protestant preachers, priests, rabbis, college presidents, mayors, governors, and a justice of the Supreme Court broadcast the Federal Council's material—all home town men speaking through their home town radio to a home town audience.

Their opinions were widely quoted. "I've been worried about all these refugees pouring in at Ellis Island," one elderly lady confessed. "I'd wake up fearing my boys would lose their jobs, what with all this low-priced labor coming in. But when our college president who buys his (Continued on page 48)



The new National Gallery of Art, presented to the nation with the approval of Congress

A Magnificent Gift to THE

On March seventeenth of this year there will be formally opened in Washington one of the most splendid gifts ever received by any nation—the new National Gallery of Art, the gift of the late Andrew W. Mellon, former Secretary of the Treasury, and later Ambassador to England. The great building, the famous art collection which it houses, and the funds for its upkeep were all donated by Mr. Mellon

By VIOLET K. LIBBY

NO DOUBT the little Custis orphans wondered why, when they had been dressed in their best for the picture which Mr. Savage was painting, George Washington insisted on having a large map in the center of the group, while they were posed less conspicuously at the sides.

As a matter of fact, dear as the children were to the General, the map represented something just as close to his heart. It was the plan for the new city of Washington, the great capital which he had dreamed of for the young republic—a city with magnificent wide avenues, on which should rise stately buildings, worthy of the high place among the nations which he was convinced the United States would eventually attain.

Little by little that plan has come to fruition. On March 15, when the new National Gallery of Art is formally opened, Washington will become one of the great art centers of the world. The museum is a gift to the nation from the late Andrew W. Mellon, former Secretary of the Treasury, and with its collection of fabulously valuable Old Masters, has an importance formerly associated with the Louvre in Paris, and similar European treasurehouses of art.

It was in March, 1937, that Congress passed a bill accepting Mr. Mellon's gift

—surely one of the most generous ever made by a private individual, for it included not only his famous collection of Old Masters, but a building which was to cost \$15,000,000, together with an endowment fund for upkeep and for the purchase of other pictures in the future.

Work was started at once on the

building, which stands in an ideal location on the Mall, the wide avenue which is the main axis of the plan of the city.

It is considered one of the most beautiful modern buildings in the world. Its design follows classic lines, and its great central dome is modeled on that of the Pantheon at Rome, from which also came the inspiration for the United States Capitol. The whole is built of rose-white Tennessee marble, subtly graded to relieve the eye from a too dazzling effect, and lovely to see. Eventually five and a half acres of floor space will be used for exhibition purposes.

The roof of the rotunda is supported by twenty-four columns of dark green marble, and in the center is a marble fountain surmounted by a bronze Mercury, the work of an early Italian sculp-



Right, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, by Giorgione. From the Samuel H. Kress collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington



© Wide World

NATION

tor, Giovanni da Bologna. Antique fountains, which came from Louis XIV's park at Versailles, play in the two garden courts, one in each wing.

In making his gift, Mr. Mellon expressly stipulated that it should not bear his name, but should be known as the National Gallery of Art, and he also added that he hoped his collection would serve as a "nucleus" to which owners of similar collections would add. Although he did not live to see it, for he died in August, 1937, his hope was fulfilled even before the Gallery was opened.

In 1939, Samuel H. Kress, the chain store magnate, gave his collection of paintings and sculpture, which is said by experts to be one of the greatest private collections of Italian art in the world. The following year, in 1940, Joseph E. Widener presented to the nation the harvest of art treasures gathered by his father, the late P. A. B. Widener, the financier. The Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust has also added recently eleven celebrated paintings by early American artists, among them Savage's painting of the Washington family.

Almost every great name in art is represented in the Gallery, of which the "nucleus" was Mr. Mellon's gift of



Above, the famous Savage painting of George Washington and his family, looking at the map showing the site of the new capital



Above, Botticelli's Adoration of the Magi, one of the most highly-prized paintings in the Mellon collection, now in the National Gallery

some 120 canvases—Raphael, Rubens, Botticelli, Rembrandt—(there are nine from the brush of this exuberant painter), Franz Hals, Velasquez, El Greco, Giorgione, Van Dyck—a long list of some seventy painters in the Mellon collection, and many more in the gifts which have been added.

Mr. Mellon started his collection when he was quite a young man, at a time when all the great art treasures of the world were still in Europe. He assembled it slowly and carefully through his long life, buying only the very finest examples of the Old Masters, so that by

the time he came to Washington as Secretary of the Treasury it was justly famous. The opportunity to add some of the choicest items came while he was serving in the Cabinet.

The Moscow Government let it be known that it was willing to dispose of some of the great Russian art treasures from the former Imperial collection. A New York art dealer promptly opened negotiations, and eventually arranged for the sale to Mr. Mellon of twenty-one famous pictures, for a sum well over six million dollars. Among them was

(Continued on page 52)



Left, the Alba Madonna, by Raphael—another of the cherished treasures of the National Gallery



WHAT THEY THINK *About War*



CHRISTIAN HERALD has asked several prominent clergymen, educators and statesmen these questions.

•
What do you believe about military preparedness?

•
What will you do if war comes to America?

•
Here we publish the answers of the Hon. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State and Norman Thomas—former clergyman, now recognized leader of the Socialist Party.

More will follow in subsequent issues. *Christian Herald* does not necessarily concur in any of the viewpoints expressed.



Norman Thomas, drawn for *Christian Herald* by Enit Kaufman

NORMAN THOMAS

DEAR EDITOR: It seems to me that the function of *Christian Herald* would be to raise the question whether there is not complete incompatibility between Christianity and war. If so, it becomes the supreme business of the church to help us find a better way of fighting evil than any sort of military preparedness. Indeed from a purely scientific and practical standpoint I doubt how much longer the world can afford the luxury of modern war with its wholesale destruction, if it would keep its civilization at all. The method frustrates even the noblest purpose.

Nevertheless no political leader can be expected to advocate politically in crisis a program based on a philosophy accepted by an inconsiderable number of the people. In other words, you cannot expect to have a pacifist government in the full sense of the term until more of the people are persuaded of a better way of preparedness than war. A political program of present validity has to accept the idea that the popular demand for "defense" implies military defense; but the political program then should insist that, even more, it requires the right sort of diplomacy, the right sort of morale of the people, etc. Military defense in our present-day world has to be examined in the light of the answer to two questions: First, what are we going to defend; and second, how are we going to defend it? I doubt if either question has been squarely faced or answered by this Administration or by the people. I should say that on every consideration of common sense, military defense should be confined to our own shores. If it is effectively organized, it will not require the armament economics we have embraced or peacetime military conscription. These things sweep us toward war rather than toward peace; toward totalitarianism, rather than the protection of democracy.

Above all, I think it is our job to keep out of this war, not because we are indifferent to its outcome, but because the democracy we should lose in war we should not bestow upon the world. The time may soon come when our greatest service would be mediation to bring about the negotiation of a peace which, while far from perfect, would be a much smaller evil than the indefinite continuance of this war. A condition of it, of course, would be the continued existence of a powerful Britain. I should like to see more of the American people

CHRISTIAN HERALD

consider this matter practically.

As an individual following the dictates of my own conscience, I cannot see how I could participate in war activities. As a political leader, if war should come, I would fight to maintain civil liberty, to reduce hate, to think of the terms of a peaceful world, and to bring about, as soon as possible, negotiations for peace.

These sentiments are consistent with hatred of the totalitarian state which will not be defeated by the military method, since effective wars require totalitarian organization. On the more specific Christian aspect of this problem, interested as I am in it, I do not feel myself properly qualified to speak at length.

Sincerely yours,
Norman Thomas



CORDELL HULL

THE minds of all of us are today on the great question of assuring the security and of safeguarding the peace of this country. Clear and full recognition by our people of the nature and extent of the peril which confronts the country is the first essential for the attainment of these objectives. For only then can the nation appreciate the magnitude of the problems involved and vigorously support the steps necessary for its protection.

The peoples of other peaceful countries failed to recognize soon enough and fully enough the dangers which confronted them. Many of them are now under the subjection and barbarous rule of conquering nations which had long prepared. Each step in conquest has been the destruction of a nation. Each step has been used to prepare the next—the subjected people, the area gained, the resources seized have immediately been used to support further advances.

These invaders are equipped with powerful armaments. They bring into play every weapon of deceit, corruption, subversion and assault. They are restrained by no consideration of generally recognized law or principles of morality. They have fixed no limits for their program of conquest. They are desperately struggling to seize control of the oceans as an essential means of achieving and maintaining their conquest of the other continents. Should they succeed in this, can anyone believe that they would be content to leave us and the other nations of this hemisphere at peace—unless we, too, should become subservient to their will?

The hand of crushing assault has struck again and again at peaceful nations, complacent and unprepared in their belief that mere intention on their part to keep peace was an ample shield of security.

There can be nothing more dangerous for our nation than for us to assume that the avalanche of conquest could under no circumstances reach any vital portion of this Hemisphere. Oceans give the nations of this Hemisphere no guaranty against the possibility of economic, political, or military attack from abroad. Oceans are barriers but they are also high-ways. Barriers of distance are merely barriers of time. Should the would-be conquerors gain control of other continents, they would next concentrate on perfecting their control of the seas, of the air over the seas, and of the world's economy; they might then be able with ships and with planes to strike at the communication lines, the commerce and the life of this Hemisphere; and ultimately we might find ourselves compelled to fight on our own soil, under our own skies, in defense of our independence and our very lives.

We are in the presence not of local or regional wars, but of an organized and determined movement for steadily expanding conquest. Against this drive for power no nation and no region is secure save as its inhabitants create for themselves means

of defense so formidable that even the would-be conquerors will not dare to raise against them the hand of attack.

The first need for all nations still masters of their own destiny is to create for themselves, as speedily and as completely as possible, impregnable means of defense. This is the staggering lesson of mankind's recent experience.

To meet that need, we are bringing our military, naval, and air establishments to maximum practicable strength. Production of military supplies is being brought to a greater and greater pitch of speed and effectiveness. Wherever necessary for the carrying out of the defense program, export of essential materials is being stringently regulated. Arrangements are being carried forward to provide military and technical training for the youth of this country. We intend to continue and intensify our effort in all these directions.

We believe that the safety and the primary interests of the United States must be upheld with firmness and resolution—supported by the speediest and fullest possible armament for all defensive purposes. In view of the unprecedented character of menacing developments abroad, we have frankly recognized the danger involved and the increasing need for defense against it. As an important means of strengthening our own



Cordell Hull, drawn for Christian Herald by Enit Kaufman

defense and of preventing attack on any part of the Western Hemisphere, this country is affording all feasible facilities for the obtaining of supplies by nations which, while defending themselves against barbaric attack, are checking the spread of violence and are thus reducing the danger to us. We intend to continue doing this to the greatest practicable extent. Any contention, no matter from what source, that this country should not take such action is equivalent, in the present circumstances, to a denying of the right of self-defense.

Our system of defense must, of necessity, be many-sided, because the dangers against which safeguards are imperatively required are manifold. Essential to effective national defense are constant and skillful use of political and economic measures, possession of military weapons, and continuous exercise of wisdom and of high moral qualities. We must have planes and tanks and ships and guns. We must have trained men. We must hold to the ideal of a world in which the rights of all nations are respected and each respects the rights of all; in which principles of law and order and justice and fair dealing prevail. Above all, we must be a united people—united in purpose and in effort to create impregnable defense.



This Memorial Manse in Stewartstown, Pa., is an ideal minister's home



The study is on the first floor, apart from the other rooms



Above is the kitchen, placed in front of the building, so the servant can answer doorbells without passing through the living room

A MODERN RESIDENCE

*for your
Minister*



By Elisabeth Logan Davis



PROVIDING a home for the minister and his family has been the custom since early times, when in England and Scotland the law required such consideration. These homes, set aside for the dominie, were called "glebe houses" and were a part of the ecclesiastical benefice. Today, with a few exceptions, all denominations still provide dwellings for their ministers and priests.

The manses, parsonages and rectories are probably entered by more people in the community than any other home. They are "houses set upon a hill;" examples in family living; models for other homes; havens of refuge in sorrow and trouble; places of joy with their weddings; sounding boards of childish voices as babies are brought to be blessed and dedicated; homes from which more "Who's Who" have come than from any other type.

Often the setting for these sacred ministries are outmoded and below the standard of the modern dwelling. In many cases, the minister is too modest about his own comfort to suggest a modern home. The church officers rarely see the need without the minister's suggestion. Sometimes a sentimental feeling for the old blocks necessary changes.

When a new manse is to be erected beside a two hundred year old historic church, a careful study is required. The architect must consider the traditions of the church, the sentiment of its members, as well as the needs of the minister himself and the special facilities and conveniences required by the mistress of the manse. When these phases are carefully studied then the fitting of the new into the whole picture of church and parish house is important.

Here and there over the country there are happy changes taking place in the kind of ministers' homes provided. One minister's wife from Florida, in commenting on her lovely new home says, "I have seen so many misfits, so poorly situated and inconveniently planned, that it is a joy to have our new home." She was careful to have it large enough to accommodate sizable church groups. Also a guest chamber was provided. She added with true Southern hospitality, "We consider it one of our greatest privileges to entertain visiting ministers in our home."

As we take a view of the homes of the clergy across the country we notice that they reflect in their architecture varying types. We see, in the Southwest, the Spanish influence; in New England, the austere lines of the Early American architecture; in the South, the gracious spaciousness of the Colonial style.

Passing into the interiors of the homes studied, certain conveniences especially applicable to a minister's family are outstanding. A kitchen placed in the front of the house makes

This minister's home is a Presbyterian Manse in New Jersey, adjacent to the modern parish house, and surrounded by an acre of lawn





Massively built of stone is this New England Congregational rectory. Each room has an open fireplace



This English-style stone rectory is part of St. John's Church at Lattington, Long Island, surrounded by beautiful wooded lands



The library of the rectory holds the minister's many books, but it also serves as a private consultation room



The social room of the Manse is in the basement, and is equipped with sink and cabinets, open fireplace, and games

it easier for the maid or mistress in answering the numerous doorbells and telephone calls. Such an arrangement is not an entirely new idea, for Mark Twain planned his house in like manner so that the servants would not have to run through the parlor and hall to see a procession go by.

In other homes a study was provided with a separate entrance. Here, in privacy, the parishioners seeking guidance and consolation may neither be seen nor heard by the rest of the family. Usually the study is in the front of the house for greater convenience.

An upstairs living room as well as one down stairs was proudly displayed by one minister's wife. Also to add to the privacy of the family, a large cloak closet was built off the front hall, providing space for wraps of church groups and committee members. Opposite the closet is a lavatory or "powder room," making it unnecessary for guests to go upstairs to the bedrooms.

In the basement of many new homes of the clergy, the playroom not only is a rainy day haven for the children of the manse but gives the minister a place to get acquainted with his young people and his men through a game of ping pong.

The grounds surrounding the homes of our clergy need careful planning to be in keeping with the dignity and beauty of the entire group of church buildings. Some of the Southern homes have particularly beautiful gardens and trees. An architect in New Jersey paid especial attention to the beautiful old trees on the church property, placing the new manse so as not to disturb them. They sedately surround the new home, giving it a link with the past.

(Continued on page 57)



All the rooms are inviting, and so placed as to receive the maximum of sunlight. These views of the library and the artistic stairway give some idea of the attractiveness of the whole building




Surrounded by native palm trees is this home in Tampa, Florida. It is not a "glebe," but is owned by the minister



On the human horizon we see a change approaching

By DOROTHY
CANFIELD
FISHER

 WHEN, on the human horizon, we begin to see approaching a change in the way daily life is managed, people nearly always take one of four attitudes towards it, no matter what the change may be: railroads instead of stage coaches, petting in parked cars instead of sitting on the sofa in the family parlor, sterilizing the baby's milk bottles instead of asking Grandma what to do when the baby gets sick, an increase in the number of divorces, an increase in the number of High School students. Nobody needs to be told what those four unvarying attitudes are:—(1) eager welcome from the enthusiasts who feel that *this* time, the answer to the human problem has been found; (2) gloom on the part of the crêpe-hangers, who are sure that *this* attack on our most valued human institutions will wreck society

Danger

FOR

AMERICAN WOMEN

entirely, (3) judicial weighing of pros and cons by intelligent, conscientious people who take as their motto "wait and see and in the meantime, stand by, ready to help in the development of the best elements in the new way of life," and (4) on the part of the numerical majority, self-centered, unimaginative indifference, which might be expressed thus, "What's it to *me*? I've got my living to earn. Anyhow it's no skin off my nose, either way."

These four attitudes towards change have, so far as we know, always shown themselves with every variation of the pattern of human life. And there have been many many variations which have become wholly accepted. Hence it is possible, not only for scholarly historians but for any of us, to look back over the history of one or another change, big or little, in human life, and see what its effect really was, compared to what the optimists and the pessimists expected. Take railroads: Thomas Bailey Aldrich tells us in his reminiscences of an old lady in Maine, an aunt of his if I remember correctly, whose especial detestation was reserved for "the steam-cars," and who would never sully her gentility by traveling on a train "where you are piled in with riff-raff, diseased and filthy, in disgraceful promiscuity."

Well, sometimes, on a Subway train in a rush hour I must admit I remember the old State of Mainer, and wave a rueful hand of sympathy to her. But of course the result of railroads has been something of which she never dreamed and which had nothing to do with gentility—it was the development at an unheard-of speed of These States with the total transformation of the economic organization of our nation.

Or consider the rise of free public schools: well-to-do conservatives, (those in tailored frock-coats and silk hats and those in crinoline and bonnets) considered public schools, especially free high schools, as a threat to getting the necessary work of the world done. Their panic-struck cry was, "Pernicious nonsense! *Who* in the name of common sense, if every Tom, Dick and Harry is to be educated, is going to dig the ditches and do the washings?" Yet amateur historians though we may be, it is clear to us all, looking back over the last seventy-five years, that the change to more book-learning for all young people, rich or poor, did not mean that ditches remained undug, and our soiled clothes unwashed. No, it meant that educated brains invented machines to dig ditches; and by the use of machinery, modern means of transportation and business organization, transformed "doing the wash-

ing" into an entirely new and profitable business, giving employment to hundreds of thousands of men and women, jobs in which they earned more for less work and less exhausting work, than under the old primitive system.

Take another instance, perhaps not so well known, but singularly picturesque: a hundred and fifty years ago the belief was universal among medical men as well as ordinary people that women *could* not swim, because of "certain physiological peculiarities." Time went on. A century or so ago some girls in complete "privacy" learned to swim. My grandmother was one of them. I have in my attic a letter from her to her brother, giving him the news of her new skill, and reassuring him by saying, "Quite an *unusual* thing for a young lady to do, I know, my dear James; but I assure you that no one can see, *even from a distance*, the place at Point Pleasant where our swimming beach is." When the news began to leak out that some women were so lost to decorum as to learn to do what the doctors and mothers had said women were physically incapable of doing, the prophets spoke dismally from their sure fore-knowledge—"women who swam would incapacitate themselves for the sacred duties of maternity, their health would be ruined, the future of the race was imperiled, etc., etc." But experience has shown, first, not only that women can learn to swim, but that it is a form of athletics for which they are peculiarly well fitted; and secondly that the real danger in swimming is one shared equally by men and women, one that has nothing whatever to do with maternity—it is middle-ear deafness and sinus trouble.

The same sort of unexpected result of a change in the way of life can be seen in the life of modern American women as a consequence of the industrial revolution and higher education. It was thought that higher education for girls would wreck their health and unsettle their minds, even to insanity. Above all, higher education (like swimming) would make them unwilling to marry, and if they did marry, would incapacitate them for having children. Two absolutely con-

tradictory ideas were held, without canceling each other out, (a) that women were inherently so intellectually inferior that higher education was impossible for them; and (b) that if they were permitted to have any intellectual life they would prefer it to all others.

Well, a century has now passed since the first American girl—blooming seventeen-year-old she was—passed with easy self-possession a public examination in geometry, electrifying the American public; and since the first woman's college opened. Let us, as in the case of swimming, compare the danger that was feared with the danger as it really is: certainly the physical health of women has not suffered. The energetic, upstanding, active, good-looking grandmothers we all know today in such numbers seem hardly of the same race with the American women described by early nineteenth century travelers from Europe as fading, feeble and withered at forty, and old at fifty. Do our girls scorn marriage and maternity because they can hold jobs and have studied sociology? Perhaps they are less willing to take "anything in trousers," than they were in the days when marriage was practically the only way open to them to earn their livings. But all those who are in contact with modern young people know that they are as eager as any young women and men who ever lived, to meet members of the opposite sex with a view to finding a suitable mate. Do mothers still love their children? Certainly they do. They are "plumb crazy" about their little boys and girls, exactly as young mothers always have been; and judging by health statistics of infantile and juvenile mortality, they have profited by better education to learn how to take care of their children very much more intelligently than their great-grandmothers did.

Well, then are they really better off, happier and more satisfied than their great-grandmothers? I'm not at all sure of this. They are better off, happier, more satisfied than their Victorian sofa-women grandmothers. Possibly than their mothers; but it is quite possible that their great-grandmothers were rooted in a richer, deeper, more fertile soil than the streamlined, athletic, well-cared-for modern women. The point seems to be that the usefulness to society of the great-great-grandmothers was more obviously and undeniably visible, both to them and to all who knew them. Everybody must feel himself or herself useful to the world, of course, if only as an ornament, or insanity of some sort sets in, (what's called now a psychosis). But the women of the seventeenth and eighteenth and early nineteenth century America were more than just useful. They were indispensable, and publicly recognized as such. It was almost impossible for a man to live without a woman to take care of him in early days when there were no laundries, very few taverns and almost all of those noisy, dirty, arranged solely for transients, when there were no restaurants, no haberdasheries where socks, shirts, underwear and outer clothes could be bought, when a man needed someone at home to make sure the fire on the hearth neither died down or blazed up too dangerously, and that the pot was simmering on it, when there were no hospitals or trained nurses if he were sick. The wife of those days knew—literally—that her husband "couldn't get along without her." Nor, in the same literal sense could her children. Nor her old parents. Nor her husband's spinster aunt, nor his widowed sister and her children.

The house-mother of those days was indispensable to (and as a consequence had a real and deserved authority over) the indoor activities of her husband, all that her children did, including most of their education, over the other women relatives and in-laws who lived in her home and worked for her because there was nowhere else for them to live and no other way they could earn their livings. It was the house-mother who directed the manufacturing of soap, preserved and smoked food, clothing for everyone, carpets, rugs, all repairs, spinning and weaving, not to mention cooking the food and serving it, care of the sick and all the other items set down a paragraph above.

In other words the industrial revolution affected the life of women even more enormously than (Continued on page 57)



Do modern mothers still love their children? Certainly they do

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



A CORRECTION

In the first editorial of the February *Christian Herald* appears the word "Jap."

That is a mistake for which I apologize to every *Christian Herald* reader. As written it was, as it should be always, "Japanese." I never use the other word. I thoroughly despise that word and all its kind.

DANIEL A. POLING

Christian Unity in the Present Crisis

THE Ecumenical Church is the supreme ideal of a uniting Christendom. That goal seems now in the dimming distance; but even in these darkened times there is a light that, however small, continues to point the way—the light that shines from the face of Christ upon our unity in service. Here at least there is no excuse for failure, and we may not delay action without danger of a major disaster.

Consider some of the achievements:

First: The united effort of Protestant Christianity to relieve human suffering in the war areas and to save war-orphaned missions. Than this no picture more inspiring can be found anywhere.

Second: The strengthening of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America by the coming into full membership of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It further confirms the unmistakable trend that will inevitably bring all Protestant churches into this dynamic federation.

Third: The growing unity of churches and of church boards and commissions in achieving and carrying out a service program to safeguard and to guide the Nation's youth, called now in the Nation's defense. Recreation and entertainment, education and religious activities will be provided, and a leadership, the equal of army leadership, will be given.

Fourth: The National Christian Mission. This is, perhaps, the most vital of all united Christian programs. Under the able leadership of the Commission of Evangelism of the Federal Council, the principal cities and great urban areas of the United States are being reached with an intensive, comprehensive campaign lasting through two Sundays in each city. The speakers and leaders of this Mission have been called from among the most distinguished and trusted men and women of the Christian Church. Lessons learned from the preceding National Missions have been applied with telling effect. Not only have the immediate metropolitan regions been reached as in no previous similar campaign, but entire states have accepted responsibilities for continuation campaigns that will proceed through the year. The problem of Protestant indifference is for the first time being approached in statesmanlike manner.

Fifth: Youth is on the march! The Sixtieth Anniversary of the organization of the first Christian Endeavor society will be celebrated in Atlantic City, July 8-13.

Already advance registrations have passed all previous convention records. A peace enlistment campaign is being conducted, and a program for peace has been adopted that includes the seven points which in one form or another represent the unity of Protestant Christianity as well as the uniting purpose of peace societies.

This International Convention will be more than the anniversary of the Christian Endeavor movement; it will be the voice of American youth—and the word American covers the continent, for Canada will be largely represented. Youth speaking for Christ and the Church, youth in dedication and answering Christ's call, youth broadcast to the world, will seek Christ's will and choose Christ for the present crisis.

Christian Herald supports church unity, that it may be an organic reality. But before this and beyond this, *Christian Herald* supports that unity of service and action which gives to Christ the high command over life itself. Some call this the world revival—but, whatever the name, the reality is Christ Himself, and "Christ or chaos" is the ultimatum confronting the race. We have tried all other formulas. We have followed all other leaders. Once again we have come to the end of the trail. Our world rocks above the abyss. It is for such a time as this that He speaks. "I am come that they might have life," is the trumpet of the dawn and not the bugle sounding taps over a dead culture. Man's extremity is God's opportunity, and Christ is the world's sufficient Saviour.

D. A. P.

PEACE

By Ralph Atherton

Have you heard the birds at morning
Chanting like a great church choir?
Has the perfume of the roses
Ever set your soul afire?

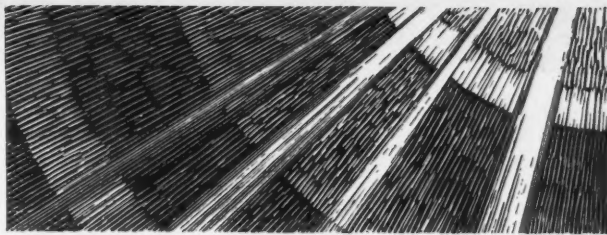
Have you heard the call at evening
Of a lonely whippoorwill?
Did you answer? Did the echo
Make your throbbing pulse stand still?

Have you seen the stolid hillside
Splashed with autumn's magic wine?
Have you seen the flaming sunset?
Have you heard the whispering pine?

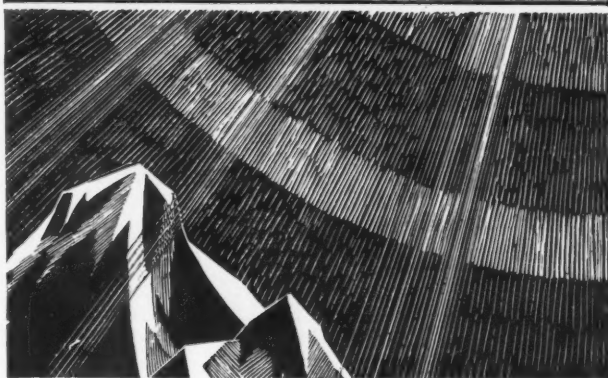
Have you heard the shouts of skaters
Ringing on the clear cold air?
Have you seen the snow-robed mountains
And the slumbering beauty there?

In the evening, as you mused
O'er the glamor of the day,
Did you pause one broken moment
And in silence humbly pray?

CHRISTIAN HERALD



SERMON



"Watchman, what of the Night?"

THE GOSPEL FOR A DAY OF VIOLENCE

Isaiah XXI: 11 & 12. "Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, 'The morning cometh and still it is night'." Acts XXVII:29 "They wished for the day."

By ALBERT JOSEPH McCARTNEY

I HAVE selected these dramatic texts, one from the Old Testament and one from the New Testament, and through them I seek to set forth the Christian gospel for a day of darkness and violence. In his twenty-first chapter the prophet Isaiah pronounces an oracle on Edom, a land involved in social and spiritual darkness: "My poor, crushed countrymen, down-trodden folk, this is my message to you from the Lord of Hosts." Someone inquires, "Watchman, what of the night? How long before it will be over?" From his watchtower he calls, "Morning comes. Morning! But still it is night!" Somehow those words go straight to our hearts, as standing once again beside the cradle of Bethlehem we come to rekindle our faith that morning is bound to come. But still it is night.

The other text comes from St. Luke, who kept the log-book of Paul's journey to Rome. "They cast four anchors astern and wished for the day." The more accurate reading is perhaps, "They prayed for the day." The other morning I reread this thrilling tale of the sea, which, for accuracy of detail, is unsurpassed in nautical literature. As I read I could hardly keep my mind upon the story, because of the amazing analogy to the experiences through which we are all passing today, looked at against the background of this story. Let me just touch some of the high spots in it.

Eager for an easy life and a pleasant winter, they left the snug little harbor of Fair Haven against the caution of a

wiser minority, and crept along the shores of Crete, till suddenly they were caught in a nor'easter. Then night, darkness, blackness. For fourteen sunless days and starless nights they tossed about in the Sea of Adria. Nothing but the thud of the waves and the howling of the wind from morning till night. Driven by the wind, the sport and plaything of the raging elements. Then one dark night the lookout cried, "Breakers ahead, anchors astern!" And as the ship rocked and pitched and tugged at her anchors, those two hundred and seventy-six passengers crowded the deck, clinging to stumps of the masts, the stanchions or the rail of the ship, peering into the darkness to see nothing but the pitch blackness. How they must have prayed for daylight to come! Hours passed and still it was dark, but now they can make out the vague figures of their fellow passengers. Now they can recognize each others' faces. And now what those shipwrecked people had prayed for so earnestly and long had at length come. The light had conquered darkness and lo! yonder there is a bay—a bay with a beach, promise of a happy landing.

Well, a like uneasiness, doubt and fear, concerning our fate, grips our hearts today. Like the passengers on that ship, tossing in Adria, we feel ourselves caught in the clutches of antagonistic forces which we are helpless to control. These forces, which once we seemed able to master, have got out of hand for the present and we are "driven"—the sport and plaything of angry, elemental forces. And we keep sailing on in the dark, with no stars to steer by.

The fact of the matter is that our generation is caught in an Euroclydon that has swept upon us from regions beyond our vision and there are cosmic movements afoot that have their origin in forces far beneath the surface of things. We have tried to give them names like Fascism, Nazism, the totalitarian state. But giving them names does not explain them. Is it possible that these may be birth pangs—Mother Earth in travail, seeking to bring forth something good and better than what we have known? Something in the hearts of all of us tells us that it is quite possible that the evils and pains we are now suffering are traceable to our material advance at the cost of our moral and spiritual necessities. Perhaps all we are experiencing today is but the inevitable expression of one of those great mutations of history to which we are too near to recognize as such.

But, for all that, who does not feel today that the world we love is going down and all things in it that we cherish—the world that once we knew in vigorous Berlin, in gay Paris, in London's man's town, in Edinburgh, the world of Beautiful Amalfi By the Sea, and something of a fearful horror shivers the heart.

The natural result is panic. People are tempted to despair. What if "This wave of the future" strikes our shores and all we have cherished in this land of the free should go down? What have I of cheer to say to such a world?

The first thing for us to do is to get hold of ourselves and keep our heads. There is nothing to be gained by becoming jittery. Everyone coming back to our shores reports that there are far more scareheads and fears on this side than abroad. If this is the way we are going to behave before the "wave of the future" strikes us, God help us if it ever does!

It will help us to get hold of ourselves to keep in mind that the fact that we are in danger is not necessarily an indication that we are in the wrong and are getting our just deserts. There has been a lot of loose talk in these recent years about the guilt of the past generation and much abuse has been heaped upon it for getting the world into the mess it is in today. But a careful scrutiny of moral values today and those of a quarter of a century and more ago furnishes little substantiation of this assumption. There is no substantial ground for assuming that our generation is suffering retributive justice and that God is punishing us by sending this storm. God does not deliberately send the storm upon us. He doesn't send storms to punish us but uses them to clear the atmosphere and He capitalizes them for His redemptive purpose.

(Continued on page 51)



Rio Harbor, showing the heroic statue of Christ in the foreground



A modern office building in Rio de Janeiro



The famous monument to Labor, Buenos Aires



Mr. Lenz, right, and a Y.M.C.A. Secretary, before the Covered Wagon Monument, Montevideo

Does LATIN AMERICA Think We Are

By Frank B. Lenz

THE day after my arrival in Buenos Aires I was a luncheon guest at one of the leading clubs in the city along with half a dozen other Americans. The chairman of the meeting, a brilliant literary figure, told the following story:

"When I was in the United States I saw your great cities, visited some of your universities and learned to admire your efficiency and organizing ability. I was greatly impressed with your research laboratories where you were constantly discovering new industrial products. You were discovering new ways of making the machine serve you. Your scientific and geographical expeditions to other parts of the world were discovering new plants and minerals as well as ancient civilizations. But it seemed none of you had discovered Argentina!"

When I asked a member of the Board of Directors of the Y.W.C.A. how she felt about the United States, she said:

"I was suspicious of American imperialism when I went to the States but they gave me such a grand reception there that I came back so pro-American that my friends said I had been bought. That kind of talk makes me angry. Many of us still distrust the Good Neighbor Policy, but the cure is for more of us to go to the United States and see for ourselves. All of my friends have come back ardent admirers of your country and your people, so much so that they even get homesick as soon as they land. But I admit that suspicion of the United States still exists in the Argentine."

Later it was my good fortune to be in an extended interview with former Presi-

dent Marcelo Alvear of Argentina in the course of which he said:

"We are all Americans in the western hemisphere. I am very proud of the United States because of what it has accomplished in a material and spiritual way. When you go home, please say to your friends that there is a former President in Argentina named Alvear who greatly admires the United States and who wants to see real unity between the two continents."

While there is a suspicious and critical attitude in the Argentine toward the United States, such is not the case in Brazil where the *people* are overwhelmingly pro-American and pro-democratic even if the Vargas government is a mild dictatorship. The fact that the United States has long been Brazil's best customer—we purchase sixty per cent of her coffee annually in addition to an increasing number of other tropical products—not only sustains good relations but has

a tremendous influence on Brazil's economy. Long before the Good Neighbor Policy was inaugurated, however, Brazil's genuine admiration and friendship for the United States was evident to every student of Latin American affairs. There never has been any jealousy between the two countries. I talked with elderly men in Rio de Janeiro who recalled with enthusiasm the visit to Brazil by Theodore Roosevelt in 1908 and who spoke with pride that they had been able to send a son or daughter to us for education. In 1903 Brazil erected a beautiful building at the St. Louis Exposition and when the Fair closed the edifice was taken back to her capital city. It was erected on beautiful Avenida de Branco, dedicated as a token of friendship for us, and named the Monroe Palace in honor of our President who established the Doctrine bearing his name.

siderable role in the teaching of English wherever they are shown. An astute student of Brazilian affairs told me that the films exerted more influence for democracy than the schools and homes combined. Such pictures as "Young Tom Edison," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and many of the great biographical plays such as those portrayed by Paul Muni have had a most healthy influence.

A young college professor in Rio de Janeiro speaking on the subject of Brazil-United States relationships said to me:

"The Brazilians have a decided leaning toward you. We do have a totalitarian state but it has not been inspired by Germany or Italy. We will tolerate a mild Brazilian dictator but we will not stand for regimentation under any European totalitarian messiah. The Brazilian

tocratic European countries. The Holy Alliance one hundred years ago gave rise to the Monroe Doctrine which stated that the western hemisphere should not be subject to colonization on the part of any European country. Although they do not all practice democracy as thoroughly as we do, they nevertheless believe in democracy and have it as their guiding star.

Brazil recently turned down an offer from Japan and Germany to build a huge steel mill. She sent a commission to this country to study the situation, with the result that we are investing \$20,000,000 in a steel plant in the state of Minas Geraes. When I asked the Vice-Minister of Education the question, "What would you do if Germany offered to build, equip and staff a university in Brazil," his instant reply was, "We would reject it."

All the Latin American countries live in a world which thinks differently and more progressively than the old world bound by tradition and hatred. The Latin American countries have agreed with us to establish air bases without impairment to their sovereignty. Mexico recently refused to sell oil to Japan and also refused to send any more scrap iron to that country, thus keeping up her obligations to play the game in the inter-American set-up which grew out of the Pan American Conference at Havana.

2) What about the subversive activities of the fifth column in South America?

These activities are widespread and active but the various governments know where the agents are and are dealing

Continued on page 45)



Volley Ball teams, in the Y.M.C.A. building, Rio de Janeiro

Good Neighbors?

Another fact which makes for understanding between the two nations is found in the realm of religion. Religious freedom is guaranteed in Brazil. Although the dominant religion is Catholic, state and church have been separated. A Brazilian wholesale merchant and an ardent Y.M.C.A. worker said to me, "We don't speak of ourselves as Catholics any more but as Christians." A well-known bank director speaking of the Young Men's Christian Association in Rio said, "I consider it an institution of prime importance because of its educational, moral and physical teachings."

American motion pictures have had a tremendous influence in Latin America, for good and evil. Our gangster films, night-club life and three-cornered sex pictures have brought reproach upon us and consternation to the decent element in Latin America. On the other hand, our better pictures create an admiration for Americans and are playing a con-

people are not heel-clickers."

During my visit to South America I tried to find answers to the following questions, which are frequently asked by my fellow-countrymen:

1) Will the South American countries swing out of the Pan American orbit and join the totalitarian nations?

The answer is, "No." Like us, all the Latin American republics have a common heritage of revolt from au-



Stadium of the River Plate Club, Buenos Aires

Below, Snake Farm, Sao Paulo, Brazil





"I swear"—Narcissa's voice was very low—"so help me God, that if Umtippe keeps his word, I shall give Waii-lat-pu back to him"

Dr. McLoughlin pointed to a chair. "I have a favor to ask of you, Chief, for which I will pay. The Snakes and the Utes are about to make war on a long line of Bostons who are coming this way. The Kitchie Okema and I do not wish that to happen. If you will stop it, I will make you the richest Indian chief among all the chiefs."

Before Umtippe could reply, Père Demers spoke. "Send out runners now, Umtippe. Call in the war chiefs, and let us have council together."

Umtippe scowled. "What business have you two to interfere with my business?" he demanded.

Père Demers brought out his rosary. "When I reach the eighth bead," he said, "I will pray your soul into hell."

"I'll send for the war chiefs," said Umtippe, sullenly.

How she got through the days that intervened before the war chiefs arrived, Narcissa never knew. At last, however, the chiefs came, and she could only wait outside the council room and pray for its outcome.

It was dusk before the door opened and the factor came out.

"We can handle the others, but not Umtippe," he said. "The Doctor wants you."

Madam Whitman," said McLoughlin when Narcissa entered, "Umtippe will not make us the desired promise. See if you can make an appeal to him that will move him."

Narcissa knew, as she stared at the Cayuse chief, that her singing would be of no avail now. With sudden resolution, she drew a deep breath and gambled all on one throw of the dice.

"Umtippe," she said in Cayuse, "if you will promise that Dr. Whitman and all his caravan shall not be molested by the Indians, I will agree that we will give Waii-lat-pu back to you."

Umtippe leaned forward, his deep eyes expressionless black holes under the shadowy light.

"Will you return it as it stands, with all that you have put on it, you and the Doctor?"

"I will return it with all."

"When will you go?"

"One week after Dr. Whitman and his caravan reach the mission," she promised.

"You will swear that before the Great White Eagle?"

"I will swear it if you will swear," she replied.

"I swear by the great spirit that I will not harm the caravan," said Umtippe at once.

"I swear,"—Narcissa's voice was very low—"so help me God, that if Umtippe keeps his word I shall give Waii-lat-pu back to him."

There was silence in the room after this, until McLoughlin said, huskily,

"Will you order a couple of steers to



Where Rolls the Oregon

By HONORÉ MORROW

[CONCLUSION]

"NO!" BREATHED Narcissa, her eyes black with horror. "No! No! No! You will never permit that, Dr. McLoughlin!"

"It is not mine to permit," replied the Doctor huskily. "Unless Dr. Whitman takes his hosts south, I cannot save him or them. The massacre plan has been gathering headway ever since Umtippe first turned against you at Waii-lat-pu. He has put in nearly five years working among the Nez Percés, the Snakes and the Utes. At his signal, the word will be given."

"When did you learn this?" gasped Narcissa.

"Yesterday noon. Madam McLoughlin learned it from one of the Cayuse women you have been kind to."

He paused, regarding her intently.

"Madam Whitman, your hope is Umtippe."

"Umtippe!" cried Narcissa tragically. "He hates me! But Père Demers," with sudden thought. "He can handle Umtippe."

"Have him in," cried the Doctor.

Shortly the priest hurried through the stockade enclosure and followed Narcissa into the Chief Factor's room. McLoughlin repeated his statement of the facts.

"You will get hold of Umtippe at once, Père!"

"Certainly," said the priest. "I will start for Waii-lat-pu at once."

"He should be here shortly," said the Doctor. "I sent for him last night."

But the stockade gates were already swinging open to admit a rider—Umtippe, jogging in on a pinto pony. He was riding half naked, his hideous old body daubed with red and black paint. He dismounted in a leisurely manner and strolled into the Chief Factor's room.



be given for a feast tonight, Chambrun?"

"Ah-a-ah!" breathed the chiefs pleasantly, and the council was ended.

"Now I know the old devil will keep his word," said McLoughlin, when he and Narcissa were left alone.

"But what am I to say to Marcus?" Narcissa wrung her hands. "Every grain of sand at Waii-lat-pu is dear to him! What shall I say to the American Board?"

"You say nothing of your own grief at leaving the mission," retorted McLoughlin. "You did the one thing that could have averted disaster. Be content with that, as your husband may well be."

Narcissa left for Waii-lat-pu the next morning before any one was up, except Charley Compo, whom Spalding had sent to bring her back to the mission. Charley brought two items of bad news. Asahel Munger had died the previous day. And the night following Narcissa's departure, Umtippe had burned the grist mill.

"How the old villain must regret that now," thought Narcissa with a sigh.

They held the funeral for poor Munger as soon as Narcissa returned home. Spalding, half delirious with joy over the news from Marcus and entirely ignorant of Narcissa's bargain with Umtippe, the morning after the funeral began with Narcissa to make preparations for the reception of the great train of folks that must pass by Waii-lat-pu. Food Narcissa knew would be the prime necessity. She had William Geiger set up the stone hand-mill that Marcus had used before the arrival of the larger mill. He ground every day until the store room was overflowing with bins of flour. Potatoes, turnips, beets and onions were piled in large quantities where it would be easy to distribute them to the hungry horde.

To her surprise, Umtippe did not harass her as usual, but kept to his lodge, as though willing for the white woman to have one last fling.

On the first day of October, Narcissa posted an Indian on the hilltop, with instructions to fire three shots from the Doctor's old musket the instant the vanguard of the caravan should appear. The signal sounded that afternoon. Far to the east a line of horsemen appeared and, as Narcissa reached the crest and, shading her eyes with her hand, peered over the familiar trail, the white top of a wagon appeared from beneath the first growth of timber on the purple mountain slope. In a moment another white top followed this, then another, and still others. They stood in reverent silence while, one after another the white tops glided down into the valley. After a time a horseman was seen to ride ahead of the long line and move westward at a gallop. Narcissa stood motionless until, in the sunset glow, Marcus jumped from his horse and gathered her to his heart.

(Continued on page 59)



MARCH, 1941

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SATURDAY, MARCH 1

WHEN THE WIRES ARE DOWN
"KEEP YOURSELVES IN THE LOVE OF GOD."
READ JUDE, 17-25.

RECENT weeks prove that, when winter strikes, when the snow banks up and the wires come down, whole communities may be cut off from the outer world. They may lack even food and medicines. Certainly, until a wire can be strung again, no word can be got through unless a radio fan happens to be about. Worship is like wires transmitting light and healing. The soul communes with God, and blessing follows. Yet when unbelief blows down the poles, down come the wires. Keep your line in good repair.

Bring us this day into contact with Thee, gracious Father. So shall we find grace for life and Thy ready help. In Christ's name, Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 2

STARTING HIGH
"LOOK UNTO ME."
READ ISAIAH 45:20-25.

MOST of us are counseled to start low down, then climb. That is sound advice generally, but not for the Christian life. A famous French painter always began his pictures by painting the sky in first. That is unusual. Yet it is suggestive. It is a sound principle for every week, and for every day. To wait on God on the first day of the week, to look unto God in prayer before starting the day, is to give the whole of life a new aspect. Painting the sky in first gives color to the entire picture. Start this week, start every day, high!

Fill our hearts with desire to do Thy will, O God, and with resolve to use Thy grace to the full. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 3

THE HOLY GRAIL
"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND."
READ MATTHEW 7:7-14.

WHEN Sir Launfal went forth in quest of the sacred cup of the Last Supper, it was for love of fame. Unsuccessful, after years of wandering, he

came back impoverished. Another occupied the castle. But a beggar, lying at the gates, reminded him of his Lord. He gave the poor man a crust of bread. He filled the wooden bowl with water, and held it to the man's lips. The coarse bread was changed to purest white, the water to ruby wine, but the bowl turned to gold—veritably as the chalice of Christ. So life's best we find in Him.

O Jesus, who didst go about doing good, help us to see the chances of enrichment through service today. Through Thy love, Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 4

EVEN THEY ARE BUT MEN
"MAN WHOSE BREATH IS IN HIS NOSTRILS."
READ ISAIAH 2:12-22.

OLD FATHER TIME might well hold his sides with laughter at the stupid arrogance of man. The strutting conquerors who have imposed their cruel yoke upon mankind, defying the righteous will of God, have all come to the inevitable hour. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." The mighty Nero who slew the early Christians, the ruthless Hannibal, the ambitious Napoleon, have turned to dust. So shall all who, betraying the right, crucifying the Son of God afresh, have brought suffering to so many. The Christian heart can well turn from its fears to faith in the living God.

Deliver us from our weakness and distrust. Help us, O gracious Father, to cast our burdens on Thee. Through Jesus, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5

CHRIST FIRST
"HE MIGHT HAVE THE PREEMINENCE."
READ COLOSSIANS 1:9-20.

IT SEEMS strange in these times, but one public man put Christ before any other consideration. He was General Howard. When Theodore Roosevelt was president, he was arranging a banquet. He specifically asked that the General should be invited. General Howard replied that it was his prayer-meeting night, and he begged to be

excused. When the President heard this, he exclaimed, "Thank God for a man like that. But we must have him there. Change the date of the banquet." It takes a real man to honor his principles, to keep faith with his Lord's people, to put Christ first. How about us?

O Christ, who dost merit the utmost loyalty and devotion, help us ever to give Thee the first place in our lives. For Thy Name's sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 6

THE RADIANT FACE
"HIS FACE SHOWN."
READ EXODUS 34:29-35.

THEY say the face is the mirror of the soul. Its lines certainly reveal the kind of people we are. The crow's-feet of merriment around the eyes of the jovial man, the frown of the worried, the deep lines around the down-turned mouth of the discouraged and complaining, all tell their tale. But so does the sunny smile. It is the light within the lantern which makes the exterior luminous, and which throws its beam on the path. It is the love within which changes one's outlook on life, and one's attitude to life. Do our faces commend Christ?

Help us to rejoice in trial, to endure in times of testing, but withal to trust Thee fully. Through Jesus our Lord, Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7

THE CHALLENGER
"FOLLOW ME."
READ MATTHEW 4:18-25.

DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER, that hero of Central Africa, claims that he heard Christ's call as clearly, as certainly, as the disciples who were summoned from the lake. He was a professor before he was thirty, a brilliant organist, a fine preacher, a distinguished theologian. Yet that call led him to abandon all for Christ's sake. He took up the study of medicine, to fit himself for his work as a medical missionary. Then, turning his back on home and kindred, on culture and applause, on

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

comfort and safety, he went forth. Does that not challenge us to follow bravely in Christ's steps?

Inspire our hearts, nerve the will, strengthen our faith, that we may have grace to walk with Thee, O Lord, Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8

CUTTING CORNERS

"LET HIM GIVE, NOT GRUDGINGLY."
READ II CORINTHIANS 9:6-11.

THE inexperienced or careless driver shows his recklessness in many ways. At no time is he more exasperating than when he cuts corners. With a screeching of tires he suddenly swings around, barely missing people who may be waiting to cross the street, or another car into the track of which he has shot. Oddly enough, he has gained nothing by skimping the roadway. Yet when we cut down our personal service to Christ's cause, when we give aid to others grudgingly, are we any better?

Remembering Thy lavished love, O blessed Lord, help us to show our gratitude by pouring out our lives for Thee. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 9

THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH
"MY LIGHT AND MY SALVATION."
READ PSALM 27.

SAVONAROLA, the reformer of Florence, Italy, was cruelly tortured because of his beliefs. After one period of frightful agony, his adversaries gave him the chance to make a recantation. His body was racked with pain, his left shoulder and arm were broken. But the right was left intact that he might pen the statement that what he had taught was false. Instead, he wrote the opening words of this Psalm. God to him was the supreme reality. Does God mean as much to us? He may, for by prayer and fellowship with Him, His strength is communicated to His people.

In Thee, O Lord, are courage, strength, and grace to do Thy will. Lead us nearer to Thyself that we may be empowered of Thee. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 10

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM
"WHERE I AM, THERE YE MAY BE."
READ JOHN 14:1-11.

WE SAT beside the Niagara River. Caught on a jutting rock was a piece of wood—a fragment of a shipping crate. It bore the consignee's name. Then, while we watched, it swung free. The eddying waters carried it onward toward the Falls. Then, in a moment, it was borne over the brink, and hurled to the depths below. Is man's life like that?

Broken, useless, discarded, then borne hither and thither by the rush of the river of Time to be lost to sight? Nay, in Christ there is the certainty of life eternal. Nothing can harm the redeemed. Their destiny is to be with God.

"Time, like an ever rolling stream, bears all its sons away. They fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day." But we are Thine, through Christ, Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 11

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR
"WHY BEHOLDEST THOU THE MOTE?"
READ MATTHEW 7:1-8.

SHAKESPEARE speaks of those trifles light as air which cause trouble. And often it is the unimportant things which irritate or the trivial over which we worry so much. A man found his wife working a cross-word puzzle. "What is a female sheep?" she asked. "A female sheep? Ewe." Of course, she thought he was being offensive, and it took all evening to prove to her that he did not mean "you" when he said "ewe." That is not more exaggerated than our views of what is due to us or what we have a right to expect from life. Be patient and brave.

Help us, O Father, to be patient with the faults of others and the disappointments of life. For Christ's sake, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12

THE WORLD'S ONLY HOPE
"THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME . . .
WHEREBY WE MUST BE SAVED."
READ ACTS 4:1-12.

YOU may disagree and yet agree with George Bernard Shaw when he says, "I am no more a Christian than Pilate was . . . and yet I am ready to admit that, after contemplating the world and human nature for nearly sixty years, I see no way out of the world's misery, but the way which could have been found by Christ's will." That is nothing but the truth. The one hope of the world is in Christ. Its only chance of removing injustice and aggression, of finding salvation from the power of evil, is in the divine Redeemer. Put your faith in Him.

Because Thou hast shown us God's will, because Thou hast redeemed us by Thy precious blood, consecrate us to Thy service. Through Thy name, Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 13

THE VOICE WITHIN
"THERE CAME A VOICE UNTO HIM."
READ I KINGS 19:11-16.

IN ONE of Kipling's fine poems, we read of a man exploring a new region.

As he left the fringe of civilization, he heard a voice within, telling him that beyond was still a better country. The way was difficult. There were natural barriers which seemed to forbid the venture. Yet again the voice! This time, he obeyed, crossed the mountain range, and looked in wonder at the land before him. The voice had awakened valor; obedience had brought blessing. So God is always seeking to lead us on to greater achievement and truer living. Are we slack, self-complacent, content with ourselves—or willing?

By the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, O God, urge us to pursue Thy divine calling in Christ Jesus. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14

THE DISCARDED SONG
"HOW SHALL WE SING THE LORD'S SONG?"
READ PSALM 137.

MCDOWELL, the famous American composer, used to get himself in the mood for work by jotting down any little melody which might come to him. Then, when he had the mental machinery in motion, he would fling the scrap into the waste basket. Sometimes Mrs. McDowell would rescue these waifs. One became "To a wild rose"—a simple song beloved of all. How many times did our Lord find discarded souls, and touching them with His sacred love, give them to gladden and help the world! He can make something of our lives if only we will let Him. Shall we not trust Him?

Great Master, we thank Thee for the hope we have that in Thee our lives may amount to much. Inspire us by Thy Spirit. Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15

THE DIVINE STANDARD
"THE STATURE OF THE PERFECT MAN."
READ EPHESIANS 4:11-16.

IT IS a good thing to test ourselves by the divine standard. The well-known lines show us how. "I would be true, for there are those that trust me; I would be pure, for there are those that care; I would be strong, for there is much to suffer; I would be brave, for there is much to dare. I would be humble, for I know my weakness; I would be giving, and forget the gift; I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift." That describes the life of our Lord. Let us measure ourselves by Him.

Loving Father, having seen what Thou hast purposed for us in Christ, strengthen us to follow His life. Amen.
(Continued on page 65)



Banana Coconut Orange Ambrosia is a celestial dessert



Pegeen Fitzgerald, radio commentator, gives her Siamese cats a taste of this month's new church supper she calls Rice Everything

THESE SUPPERS ARE *Different*

By

CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD



"MEAT and potato, a vegetable—meat and potato! Can't you think of anything else to plan for a church supper?" asks Mrs. T. L. Nichols of Wichita, Kansas in a half belligerent mood. "Women get bored preparing the same meals time after time in the church kitchen just as they do at home," she adds, "and regular patrons to community suppers deserve surprises. Church supper guests are your family and the neighbor's family eating out for a night and expecting something different than 'Mom' generally makes."

All right, Mrs. Nichols, here's a dish to feed the flock next time. It's called Rice Everything; and so it is—a whole dinner in a pot. This substantial three-course meal can be prepared when you please, then eaten any old time. Its main dish will be glad to wait if the crowd is late. It's a dish to make in the morning and start to reheat about an hour before time to eat.

Salad is the unexpected overture. Salad first is in the West Coast manner or, if

you wish, serve the salad with the meal. If avocados are not available use a tomato and lettuce combination; or a pineapple and cabbage salad would be appropriate if the salad is served with the rice dish.

This rice recipe was picked up by an Irish friend of ours, Pegeen Fitzgerald, from a Chinese cook in a lumber camp on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia. That Chinese had been a ship's chef and had traveled the world. His dishes were not Chinese, not French, not any country you could name, but international in flavor.

Pegeen is Irish. She is gregarious. She loves company. But Pegeen is a business woman running her own radio show over WOR, New York City. Her husband is a radio commentator and their hours are irregular and long. But their friends are many. There is always a crowd dropping in at the Fitzgerald's studio to eat whatever Pegeen cares to dish out. Her favorite menu is Rice Everything. It's her favorite because there is only one dish and the meal can wait without retaliation, for work often postpones dinner by hours.

Rice Everything begins with rice. Olive oil is heated in an iron frying pan. The chopped onions are put in to brown then removed to make room for the rice which is added unwashed, to be stirred until every grain is golden. Therein lies the flavor of the dish. Meanwhile the chickens, cut as for fricasseeing, are covered with water and started simmering. About thirty minutes before the chicken is done the other ingredients are added and cooked until tender, then the dish is done. Pegeen cuts the chicken from the bones and divides the meat into individual servings in small ovenware pottery bowls to reheat just before serving. For a church supper we suggest you serve this chicken rice mixture in soup plates. Serve plenty for Rice Everything is the whole dinner, you know.

The whole-wheat raisin-bread pudding stands on the side of economy. No spice in this pudding. Maple or brown sugar does the sweetening. No eggs, the cream helps thicken it.

Dinner Can Wait

California Salad

Rice Everything

Hot Biscuits

Butter

Whole Wheat Raisin Bread Pudding

Tea or Coffee

CALIFORNIA SALAD

2 quarts olive oil	1½ dozen grapefruit
2¾ cups lemon juice	2 quarts thin avocado
½ cup salt	slices, or
½ cup sugar	12 large avocados, or
1½ gallons grapefruit	16 medium size
sections, or	4 heads lettuce

Combine olive oil, lemon juice, salt and sugar and beat with rotary beater until blended. Marinate grapefruit sections and avocado slices in mixture 30

CHRISTIAN HERALD



Jelly rolls from the local bakery give the parfait fluffiness

minutes, drain, and serve on lettuce leaves as appetizer. Approximate yield 50 portions.

RICE EVERYTHING

6 onions, chopped 1½ teaspoons cinnamon
3 cups olive oil 1 dozen cloves
9 cups rice 4½ cups seedless raisins, plumped
3 gallons water 4 cups blanched almonds, sliced
12 chickens, cut for fricassee

Saute onion in olive oil and remove it. Add rice and stir until golden brown. Drain. Cook chicken in water to cover until almost tender, add cinnamon, cloves, raisins, almonds and rice and let simmer, covered, 25 minutes or until rice is soft. Cut chicken from bones or not as preferred. Reheat when ready to use and serve in shallow soup plates. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

WHOLE WHEAT RAISIN BREAD PUDDING

1 pound butter 1½ quarts milk
50 thick slices (10 1½ quarts cream
loaves) whole wheat 1½ cups maple sugar
raisin bread

Spread bread with butter and cut in cubes. Place in buttered casseroles. Dissolve sugar in liquid and pour over bread cubes. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes. Serve very hot with hard sauce. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

Still more suppers, and different, come from *Christian Herald's* church cooks. Mrs. H. W. Cies, also of Wichita, Kansas, sends a cheese soufflé recipe that she says will never fall even when it's made to wait. The quick cooking tapioca used is the reason of its stand-uppishness.

Soufflé Supper

Cheese Soufflé
Buttered Green Peas
Tossed Greens with French Dressing
Hot Rolls Apple Jelly
Banana Ambrosia
Coffee or Tea

CHEESE SOUFFLE

2½ cups quick cooking tapioca 4 dozen eggs
12 cups hot milk 12 cups grated or finely
1 tablespoon salt shredded cheese (longhorn)

Add tapioca and salt to hot milk, cook over boiling water 10 min. or until clear and thick, but not stiff. Cool slightly. Add cheese, stir until blended. Set aside to cool thoroughly. Separate the eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add to cold tapioca and cheese mixture. Beat whites very stiff and fold in gently. Oil 3-in deep pans and fill with mixture. Place pans on racks in larger pans containing water. Place in slow oven and bake one hour at not over 300° F. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

Here is a recipe for Banana Ambrosia, a tropical trio of oranges, bananas and coconut.

BANANA AMBROSIA

16 oranges 2 cups powdered sugar
24 ripe bananas 3 qts. shredded coconut

Peel oranges and cut crosswise into thin slices. Peel and slice bananas, using the very ripe fruit (yellow peel flecked with brown.) Arrange alternate layers of oranges and bananas in large serving dishes, sprinkling each layer with sugar and coconut. Repeat until all ingredients are used, topping with coconut. Chill. Approximate yield: 50 servings. Garnish with additional sections of orange and slices of ripe bananas, if desired.

Miss F. Florence Snoddy of Front Street, Danville, Pa., offers a clam soup supper recipe used by the Ladies Aid of the First Baptist Church of Watertown, Pa. To accompany the soup we suggest the following menu.

Clam Soup Supper

Celery Radishes
Pilot Biscuits
Clam Soup
(and lots of it)
Cabbage Beet Relish
Baked Apple
Coffee

WATERTOWN CLAM SOUP

6 dozen clams, diced 1 cup rice
1 peck potatoes, diced 4 quarts milk
6 quarts water 3 dozen hard boiled
2 pounds butter eggs, diced
2½ tablespoons salt pepper to taste

Cook clams and potatoes in 5 quarts of water for 15 minutes with 1 pound of butter and 1 tablespoon of salt. Cook rice in 1 quart of water until tender and water is absorbed. Combine clams, potatoes and rice and add milk, eggs, butter and remainder of salt and pepper and bring to boil. Serve with croutons or pilot crackers. Approximate yield: 50 portions or 3½ gallons.

Mrs. H. E. Corwin of Greenmount Blvd., Dayton, Ohio calls this Cabbage Beet Salad "a very best dish served at our local church suppers."

CABBAGE AND BEET SALAD

2½ pounds cooked beets, diced 1½ tablespoons celery seed
4½ pounds cabbage, chopped 4 heads lettuce
1 quart mayonnaise

Mix vegetables. Add sprinkling of celery seed and enough salad dressing to moisten. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

California is famous for its tuna fish and California church women are famous for their tuna dishes. This tuna goulash supper is served by the "Eteri" Women's Bible Class of La Crescenta Presbyterian Church, La Crescenta, California. Mrs. J. E. Crawford of Montrose reports the recipe with this note. "I have had the honor of leading this class for several years and we have served this goulash frequently and found it a satisfying main dish."

Tuna Goulash Supper

Tuna Goulash
Fresh Vegetable Salad
Crusty Rolls Butter
Stewed Apricots
Coffee or Tea

TUNA GOULASH

1½ cups flour 2½ quarts cooked spaghetti
1½ cups butter 15 hard cooked eggs,
2½ quarts hot milk chopped and lightly
5 (4-ounce) packages salted
of pimiento cheese
3 1-pound cans tuna 5 (4-ounce) cans mushrooms, whole or sliced
fish 1 quart buttered crumbs

Blend flour with butter and add to milk and cook until the sauce is smooth and medium thick. Cut pimiento cheese into small dice and add to sauce, stirring until melted and thoroughly blended. Add tuna, spaghetti, eggs and mushrooms. Dip mixture into casseroles or suitable pans to a depth of 3 inches. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 40 minutes. Garnish with parsley. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

MOTION PICTURE

Commentator

By HOWARD RUSHMORE

SENTIMENTAL though it was, we've always regarded "Good-bye Mr. Chips" as a remarkable film. In it, as you will remember, Robert Donat played the part of an average English schoolteacher who put aside frustration and unhappiness to devote his life to the young folks around him. Now Hollywood has emulated the immortal James Hilton character in "Cheers for Miss Bishop," a female Chips story of an American school-ma'am. Since RKO has fashioned the script from the original novel of Bess Streeter Aldrich, sentiment is inevitable, for Mrs. Aldrich always writes from the heart. But it is a warm and kindly heart and from her story has come a human and entirely enjoyable picture.

Martha Scott, always a fine actress, plays Ella Bishop, the teacher who spends fifty years on the faculty of Midwestern College. Two attempts at marriage fail, through no fault of hers; sorrow comes in many forms, yet Ella keeps her stubborn courage and devotes her life to the thousands of students who pass through her classrooms during the five decades she serves as a teacher. William Gargan, her childhood sweetheart; Edmund Gwenn, the college president and other members of the cast contribute excellent performances. Tay Garnett has directed with a skilled hand and builds an accurate historical picture of the turn of the century within the framework of the story.

We recommend "Cheers for Miss Bishop." Now that Hollywood is confining itself to innumerable comedies and rather dry historical movies, such a film as this, dealing with the life of a simple and unsung heroine of public education, deserves wide applause. It makes us (adult and student, alike) realize what the schoolteacher means to the American way of life.

A stirring educational picture emerges from the combined portions of a number of historical films edited by the Motion Picture Producers' & Distributors' Association and called "Land of Liberty." Using reels and excerpts from features and from newsreels, the editors have given us a patriotic and intelligent presentation of America's growth, with our wars, our industrial and social conquests, highlighted by a cast of thousands. Stress, as it should be, is placed on our freedom of religion and our attempts during the past three hundred years to build a democracy that will endure.

Alfred Hitchcock has turned his fine director's hand to light comedy and as a result, RKO's "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" is better than average grown-up movie fare. Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery are the battling couple who find their

marriage void because of legal technicalities and then proceed to fall in love all over again. Gene Raymond is the third member of the trio. Not a family picture, but good adult comedy.

May all Marxist invasions be as happy as those of Groucho, Chico and Harpo. MGM's "Go West" is the usual hilarious Marx brothers comedy, which to us always means laughs by the bushel. This time the three, led by S. Quentin Quale (Groucho) journey to the land of strong, silent men to garner all the gold in the West. There's something in the plot about a deed and a railroad, but that doesn't bother the brothers Marx. They jam a stagecoach with a dozen people, shoot up the town and in general raise havoc with the quips and the script. John Carroll and Diana Lewis provide the romance and music; Harpo strums his strings, Chico plays the piano and Groucho does everything else. Some of the jokes will raise eyebrows, perhaps, but "Go West" is certainly slapstick comedy at its best.

Humphrey Bogart, Warner Brothers' hardworking badman, stalks gloomily through "High Sierra" until he meets his death high on a mountain top. That's the plot of this gangster film with only a few additions which by no means make Mr. Bogart less a villain. Miss Ida Lupino's fine talents are wasted in this dreary story.

If we must have gangster films, we recommend such satires as 20th Century-Fox's "Tall, Dark and Handsome," a very funny burlesque of the Chicago underworld. The rivalry between Caesar Romero and Sheldon Leonard, gang leaders, is never handled seriously; laughs fly fast as bullets, with Milton Berle, Virginia Gilmore and Charlotte Greenwood contributing to this enjoyable adult film.

In spite of such fine actors as James Stewart and Ian Hunter, MGM's "Come Live with Me" is a weak and exceedingly dull movie of a struggling young novelist who is forced into a trick marriage for economic convenience. Stewart is the novelist, Hedy Lamarr the "wife" who in turn flirts with Ian Hunter, the publisher to whom Stewart intends to submit his novel. The net result is art with a very small "a."

There is still life on the old plantation, as Paramount endeavors to prove in "Virginia." The South lives in technicolor as Madeleine Carroll tries to decide between handsome Stonewall Elliott (Fred MacMurray) and the rich Yankee, (Stirling Hayden). Little Carolyn Lee, a welcome newcomer, adds charm and originality to the routine story.

The Country Preacher Says:

THE Preacher had a great trip down in New Jersey a while ago. He preached in a Presbyterian church on Sunday morning and in a Methodist church that evening and addressed the Baptist clergy of the city of Elizabeth at their monthly meeting at noon Monday, a group of other clergy that same afternoon at three o'clock and then hotfooted it back to Connecticut to address a large P.T.A. that same evening. It goes along about like that all the time.

The other day Dean Rockwell Harmon Potter of the Hartford Seminary Foundation was introducing the Country Preacher and he said "He sometimes looks like an Episcopalian but never acts like one." And the other night when I was being introduced as the guest speaker for the state Painters and Decorators convention the man said, "you might wonder why a minister should be chosen," etc. etc. And when I got up I said that this raising the question of "why" reminded me of the fellow who met his friend and indignantly demanded "why were you kissing my girl in the dark last night?" "Well, well," came the answer, "when I saw her by daylight I wondered why myself."

Someone in writing about the Episcopal Church spoke of it as "slumbering in its conservative respectability." Isn't that just perfect? And, I would like to know, isn't it perfect for so many others of our mature, dignified denominations? I heard a man say the other day that our comfortable, middle class was effectively "pigeonholed" in the churches. I declare that's made one long cud for me to chew on. Does it mean that in our churches we are safely fenced and boxed from any unpleasant contact with the rank and file below us—at least below us as we ourselves think of it? As Mark Dawber says, the church that reaches this rank and file is going to be the future church of America, and unless the church solves the problem of poverty, it is a goner.

I just noted the picture on intolerance in the February *Christian Herald*, and was particularly interested because of some talk I heard at a ministers' meeting this week. One told of a case of a minister who got a family of colored people to come to his church. There was no colored church in that region and the place was well above the Mason and Dixon line. The head official of the church was so furious over this family coming that he refused to bring the elements for the communion to the service or even to the building, and the deeply hurt and embarrassed minister waited and waited—but in vain.

Why isn't *Christian Herald* a good missionary paper to send into families that get no church paper? The Preacher is just sending money for twelve subscriptions to be sent to people living for the most part well out on the lonely roads.

After preaching at a forum the other night, this was one of the questions that came up: "What did you preach about tonight." Well, it was something of a body blow and I was nonplussed, to say the least. After the service, however, I was somewhat calmed to learn that the person asking it had not got to the service until the sermon was all over.

George B. Gilbert.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

(Continued from page 37)

with them swiftly. Brazil has forced the Germans in Rio Grande do Sul to teach Portuguese in their schools instead of German. They are also forcing the Japanese to teach Portuguese in their schools. 5,000 troops from Brazil were recently moved over to the border of Uruguay to be on guard against subversive activities.

Dr. Hugo Artucio, a brilliant young professor of Uruguay, told me that there was a plot on the part of the Germans to turn Uruguay into an agricultural colony of the Reich. He found out what was going on and exposed their activities. By going on the air and public platform and by writing articles for the newspapers he forced the Uruguayan Congress to make an investigation of these activities with the result that today eight of the ring-leaders are in jail, not out on bail.

In Argentina I saw big demonstrations pledging the people to democracy and taking a stand against the totalitarian regimes. There is also an organization known as Argentine Action which publishes a paper with the purpose of uncovering subversive activities and at the same time strengthening the pro-democratic attitude. Two newspapers in Buenos Aires promote freedom of press, freedom of speech and freedom of assembly and are very pro-democratic.

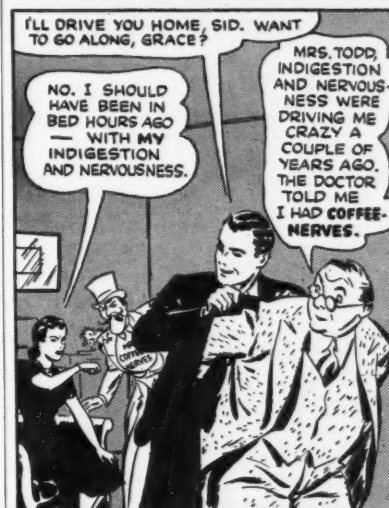
3) What do the Latin Americans really think of us?

They did not think much of us when we took Cuba and the Philippines, and sent marines to Nicaragua, Haiti, Santo Domingo and Cuba to collect customs duties and protect our investments. They became positively alarmed when we took the Isthmus of Panama from Colombia and built the canal. This canal united two oceans and became a commercial wonder of the world but it created a lot of resentment and hostility.

The "Big Stick" policy of Teddy Roosevelt, announced in 1904 under the euphonious title of the "Roosevelt Corollary," was another cause of resentment. It warned all Latin Americans to behave themselves or we would exercise "International police power" over them. To behave meant that they must pay their debts, protect all foreigners and do as we wished them to do. This was manifestly a perversion of the Monroe Doctrine, which asserted that the American continents should not become subjects for further European colonization by the autocratic Holy Alliance, and that we would consider any attempt at further expansion to this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace.

This policy on our part began to change when Mr. Hoover made a visit to South America right after he was elected. It was changed also when Mr. Coolidge sent Dwight Morrow to Mexico. It was completely reversed when Mr. Hull went to Montevideo in 1933 and enunciated the Good Neighbor Policy which declared that hereafter the United States would not be the sole operator in the Pan American world but all the twenty-one republics would take concerted action on matters pertaining to the interest of any of them. Conferences followed at Buenos Aires, Lima, Santiago and Havana which have really meant a great deal in the strengthening of the diplomatic, economic and political bonds between us and Latin Amer-

MR. COFFEE NERVES!



Why don't you try Postum? There are two forms: Postum Cereal, brewed like coffee; Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup. Postum is economical—costs less than 1/2¢ a cup. A product of General Foods

ica. They now trust us and Uncle Sam is no longer called "the Colossus of the North." "Yanqui" imperialism, dollar diplomacy and the big stick policy are things of the past.

What impresses me most about relationships between North and South Americans is that we don't know anything about each other.

Our ignorance of Latin America is colossal. So painful was my own vast store of misinformation that it was exceeded only by the bottomless depths of the Atlantic Ocean. As did my neighbor, the average American still speaks of South America as a country, forgetting that there are ten countries on that continent. We are ignorant of the fact that Brazil is as large as the United States plus almost all of Alaska, and we exhibit resentment when we are told that there are three states in Brazil each of which is larger than Texas.

It was my good fortune this summer to stand in the Senate Chamber of Commerce in the capital of Uruguay at Montevideo and have pointed out to me the very seat in which sat Secretary of State Cordell Hull throughout the Pan American Conference of 1933. History was made at the conference. The basis for the new policy toward Latin America was announced in December of 1933 by President Roosevelt who put himself in the place of a citizen from a Latin American republic to say that is was not the obligation of the United States government alone to maintain order, but the concern of the whole hemisphere in which we are neighbors.

Definite action was immediately taken to make the Good Neighbor policy mean what it said. United States marines were withdrawn from Haiti within a few months after the Montevideo Conference. The offensive Platt Amendment restricting Cuba was repealed. Instead of collecting debts at the point of the sword, a moratorium was declared in Washington for the duration of the depression. Instead of using our diplomatic staff to help big business extend American capital, Mr. Hull began arranging reciprocal trade treaties. Within an unbelievably short period we have withdrawn our troops from Nicaragua and Haiti and have replaced "dollar diplomacy" with new and effective principles of united action. The "Big Stick" policy has gone forever. A new treaty has been negotiated with Panama by which the United States renounces the right to intervene in her internal affairs. Colombia, Venezuela and Panama have been raised to ambassadorial status.

The United States has recognized Mexico's right to expropriate private property as long as due compensation is made. At the Lima Conference with Alfred M. Landon, the leader of the Republican Party as a delegate, giving valiant aid to the Democratic Party, a demonstration was made to other American republics that in the United States, politics stopped at the water's edge. The recent Republican candidate for President pledged continuance to the Good Neighbor policy if elected. The Monroe Doctrine has been reorientated and has once again returned to its original purpose. It is no longer looked upon as a device for giving the United States sole responsibility for maintaining peace and order in the west-

ern hemisphere, but as a principle of inter-American solidarity to be implemented by all the twenty-one republics. Conferences at Buenos Aires, Lima, Panama and Havana have changed dramatically the attitude of the Latin Americans toward the United States.

The timeliness of the Good Neighbor policy could not have been better. It robbed the totalitarian agents of much of their vicious propaganda which began in 1934 and has continued with unabating strength down to the present moment. The new policy scored an indispensable victory in a vast forestalling strategy which by its sheer honesty has caused every patriot to re-think his international heritage here in the western hemisphere.

We are now beginning to think and act continentally. An emerging sense of solidarity is taking shape, due partly to better communications, but also due to the unbelievable and horrible events taking place in Europe. While the fear of regimentation under alien and ruthless dictators is speeding the unity of the Americas, it must not be forgotten for a moment that our hard-won freedom and deep-rooted love of democracy are much



WINTER

King Winter sits upon the throne,
And rules with icy hand
The frozen river—silenced now,
The snow-enveloped land.

And I, his subject, do repent
The wish I made last fall
For snow and ice and winter winds
And icicles and all.

The children slide and skate and romp,
And laugh at frosty ears;
The old folks sit beside the fire
And dream of former years.

But I, too old for childish joy,
Too young to stay shut in,
Go shivering in and out-of-doors,
And wish and wish for spring.

—Harriet Burdette



stronger forces in the promotion of unity in this hemisphere. Every one of the twenty-one republics has the common heritage of revolt against the Old World. We are all young nations committed to democracy. While some practice it more than others, the ideal is still there. Someone has said that "Latin American constitutions contain a clause of legal dictatorship." Dictators south of the Rio Grande are mild and are produced by local conditions. They have no ideologies to force on their neighbors either by frontal attacks or "fifth column" methods.

Just as San Martin, Bolivar and Monroe took a valiant and winning stand against the autocratic Holy Alliance more than a century ago, so we are witnessing a rebirth of this spirit under equally capable leaders today. We are all "fed up" with totalitarian "bunk" that proclaims a superior way of life, and are tired of hearing that they have the only solution to our political and economic problems. Democracy is proving that it can strike and strike hard for the rights of man because it is based upon the principle that the individual has worth in the sight of God and is not merely a pawn to be

regimented and shoved around, or liquidated by a ruthless and arrogant state.

What do the Latin Americans think of us? Uncle Sam is no longer looked upon as the "Colossus of the North" and the "Yankee Peril" is becoming the "Yankee Friend." "Gringo-baiting" has gone out of style. When the marines left the Caribbean a bad era ended, and when the Platt Amendment was repealed it was hailed in Latin America as the final Magna Charta of western liberties. Americans are beginning to understand their neighbors to the south and are learning to appreciate the problems with which they are faced.

A new spiritual relationship is developing based upon mutual respect and confidence. If this can be deepened and strengthened in the years just ahead we can all look forward to a new and happier era in Pan American relations.

But there is much to be done. Politics, law, trade and hemispheric geography are not enough. These very factors can separate and not unite us.

Relations between us and South America can be greatly improved by travel. But there is much need for improvement in our travel facilities. Air travel is too expensive for the ordinary South American and for us, too, for that matter. Speedier ocean liners with reasonable rates would encourage a two-way travel program for Americans whether north or south.

There is much room for improvement in the service now being given by our merchant marine. Numerous complaints came to my ears while in South America about the inflexible rules of steamship companies and about the treatment of passengers on the part of members of the American crews. "Your sailors and crews seem too fresh," said one Uruguayan doctor. "We get better treatment on the British and German boats," was the most common observation.

Let me quote a paragraph from the Nation, October 12, 1940 to throw further light on this subject. "In these days when the totalitarian countries offer so much it is difficult to understand some of the acts of this country. When the Brazilian delegation faced the problem of how to arrive on time at the hastily called Havana Conference, the government sent letters to the Moore-McCormack Line and to a Japanese line inquiring about rates and whether one of their ships could be ordered to put in at Havana. Within forty-eight hours the Japanese officials answered that they would be glad to change the route of their next ship sailing to Panama ordinarily, so that it would bring the delegates to Havana on time. As for rates, a fifty per cent reduction would be given. The United States line, with a large subsidy from the government to run the "Good Neighbor fleet" replied later that the problem was difficult, that it would have to be referred to Washington and that rates would be in accordance with regular tariffs. The Brazilian delegates traveled on the Japanese vessel to the Good Neighbor meeting at Havana."

Fortunately, there are other and deeper forces at work for unity which lie in the realm of intellectual and spiritual cooperation—forces which must be immediately enlarged and buttressed if the recent turn of events is to be brought to fruition.

(Continued from page 20)

in all such edifices. Heated only a part of the time, there is a consequent heavy strain imposed on the paint, owing to constant expansion and contraction of the surface. It is, therefore, doubly important that only high quality paint with a tough but elastic film be employed for such work as it must be capable of withstanding the varying temperature conditions, to which it will inevitably be subjected, without cracking or peeling. Emphasis, too, should be placed on using only paints that can withstand frequent washing so that the interior of the church will at all times appear light and clean without the involvement of undue expense.

Dull colors should be avoided, for they have a tendency to create a bleak and uninviting appearance. Strong colors are not so frequently used as formerly. In fact, emphasis today is placed rather on a two-tone finish, as with it many harmonious color combinations can be achieved that will make the interior pleasingly colorful and inviting.

Of course, each church requires individual treatment, as no hard and fast color rule can be laid down that is applicable to all churches. A stone church of Gothic design, for instance, would have a very definite eye-appeal if the interior paint treatment was one of strong contrasting colors. Wall treatment of French ochre, with floor covering and pew cushions of deep green, would create a very attractive interior, particularly if Venetian red were used for lining the moulding, and the stencils touched up with blues, and if a deep tan were used for the trim with a cream for the ceiling.

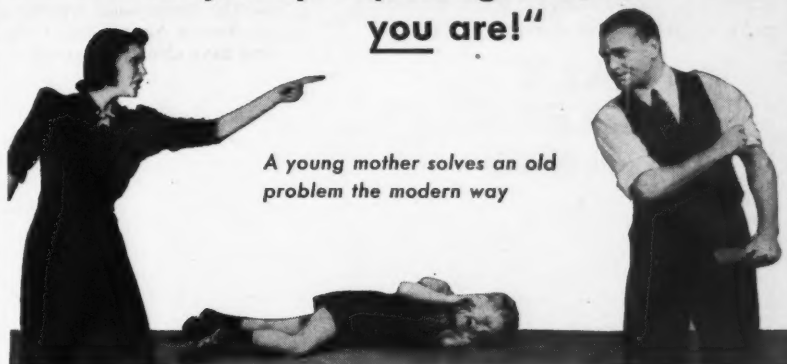
That type of interior color scheme, however, would be unsuited to a church of colonial architecture. For then, simple dignity, in keeping with the charm of the exterior, should be the keynote. Soft tans, yellows and yellow-greens, together with related tints skillfully combined, would lend great dignity to the interior. Some of the most charming of the old colonial church interiors have been painted pure white with woodwork finished natural.

The choice of color in church interiors depends primarily upon the type of its architecture, and also upon such architectural features as woodwork and furniture, and upon the stained glass windows. These latter have a very distinct bearing on the colors which can be used to greatest advantage. If these are selected with relation to the predominating colors streaming through the stained glass, a very rich and harmonious effect would result.

Another point to discuss with the painter when selecting a color scheme, is the light-reflecting qualities of the paint; as on this point effective illumination depends. The darker-colored paints have very high light absorption powers and, therefore, such colors create gloomy interiors which can only be lightened by an abundance of artificial light. The so-called "warm colors", i.e., the reds, red-yellows, yellow-greens, buffs and tans, effectively reflect light and should always be used in interiors.

Only a person who has definite knowledge of color and color combinations in relation to the painting of buildings should be consulted and there is none better than the experienced, skilled painter.

"If anybody's spoiling him, you are!"



A young mother solves an old problem the modern way

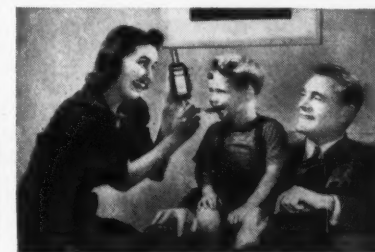
1. My husband's the best-natured man in the world, but he has some old-fashioned ideas about disciplining children. He feels he's got to be strict or our little boy, Billy, will be spoiled. We were always quarreling about it.



2. And yesterday, we had it out once and for all. Billy refused to take his laxative again and kicked up the usual fuss. So Ted immediately started to *force* the stuff down Billy. The child looked so scared I just flew at my husband!



4. And, sure enough, the doctor said forcing a child to take a nasty-tasting laxative could shock his delicate nervous system. He said children should get a nice-tasting laxative they'd take willingly. One made especially for them—not an adult's.



6. Well, Billy took Fletcher's Castoria—and how he took it! He *loved* it! He smacked his lips and winked at his daddy, and I knew our laxative troubles were over. From that moment on, I've been telling all the mothers I know about Fletcher's Castoria.



3. "You and your strict ideas," I raged. "If anybody's spoiling that child, it's *you*! Look at the way he's trembling. You can't tell *me* it does any good to get a child so upset! I'm going to call the doctor and ask *him* about these laxative fights."



5. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's thorough, yet it's always mild and *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. And so Ted said O.K., he'd get a bottle just to keep peace in the house.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea ... (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel ... (3) In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

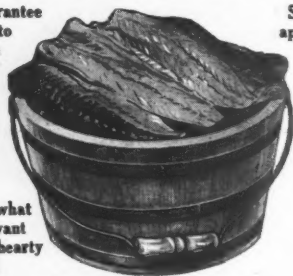
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Treat from Gloucester
plump, tender, juicy

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them to
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you!

Sent on
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Just what
you want
for a hearty
meal!

TASTE THEM AT MY EXPENSE

You'll never know how delicious fish can be until you serve some of my mackerel fillets, prepared the Down East way. Take one of my new meaty, late-caught fat mackerel fillets. Freshen it. Broil quickly to a nice brown so all the flavor is retained and the rich, tender meat falls apart at the touch of your fork. Serve sizzling hot. Your mouth will water at its rich appetizing aroma and the wonderful flavor will surprise and please everyone.



What Makes My Mackerel Fillets So Good?

The pick of the new late catch is what you want—to get this real seafood treat. From years of experience I know how to pick out only the best mackerel to insure your satisfaction. The choice fillets I send are carefully sliced from the fat, tender sides of just-caught mackerel. Practically boneless, thoroughly cleaned, no waste parts.

Send No Money Now— unless you wish to

Just return the coupon below, and I'll send you a pail of 18 extra choice mackerel fillets—each fillet an ample individual serving—packed in new brine in a wax-lined wooden pail to keep perfectly for many weeks. Taste one—broiled the Down East way. If not satisfied it's the finest mackerel you've ever eaten, return the balance at my expense. Otherwise, send me only \$2 within 10 days. For 55 years families everywhere have sent here for their seafoods this "prove-it-yourself way." I must say, too, this is the lowest price for this size pail of mackerel fillets I've ever offered. Send your coupon today.

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Mr. Davis: Please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail containing 18 extra choice mackerel fillets, clear fish, no heads, tails, or waste parts, and practically boneless. If after trying a few fillets I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the rest at your expense and will owe you nothing. Otherwise, I'll send you \$2.00 in 10 days.

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Bank Reference.....

* If you wish to send check for full amount now, I'll include with your mackerel a copy of my 25c illustrated cook book containing 136 delightful seafood recipes. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are not pleased in every way.

(Continued from page 25)

paper in my husband's shop spoke on the radio about refugees I felt better. These immigrants, it seems, are educated men and women. Why, some of them even start industries and give jobs to Americans. And, he said, at the rate they're coming in now it would be years before they'd make up *even one per cent of the population!* If they were divided up evenly and spread through the country, our town would get one-fiftieth of a refugee! Now I wouldn't have believed that from anyone but Dr. Black. He never talks about things he doesn't know."

The fan-mail which came in after these broadcasts by local men was often answered by telephone.

"Why bless you, Mrs. Tippet, if you sent back all the foreign-born and their families you'd have to ship out about 40,000,000 people! Big liners would be crossing the ocean for years. And America would be left with a smaller population than Germany. Yes, we'd be a weak nation! Poor as Job's turkey, too."

Or, "See here, Uncle Billy, I'm sending you a reprint of an article from 'Fortune' magazine. Don't have nightmares till you've read it. It's a careful survey. You'll see it's American Protestants and Catholics, not American Jews, who run the stock exchange and all but a fraction of big business."

The Federal Council's broadcasters do much more than mop up on scare-mongering and plot-mongering. They show what it means to be an American. "It is the spirit of good will and cooperation, with respect for the rights and beliefs of others, that has made our nation secure and great," the voice of Mr. Wells, a Y.M.C.A. secretary, says to Mrs. Milligan of West Virginia as she rolls piecrust. "Just think what would have happened if we'd split up into separate groups, with Catholics fighting Protestants, descendants of Germans fighting descendants of Hungarians, Republicans fighting Democrats, and farmers fighting manufacturers. We wouldn't have had a civilized nation. We'd have had chaos. And secret police and a dictator." Perhaps he quotes in closing from the Federal Council's material kit a speech by an Irish-American, Justice Frank Murphy, of the U. S. Supreme Court:

"America was not built by anti-Semitism, or anti-Protestantism, or hatred for the Catholics, or by the fantastic doctrines of racial superiority that are practiced elsewhere, America was built to greatness by a partnership of men and women who represent every race and nationality that inhabits the globe. The good things of life that you and I enjoy we owe not to Catholics alone, or Jews alone, or Englishmen or Irish alone, we do not owe them to Aryans or non-Aryans alone, or to white or black alone; we owe them to all God's children of every color and nation and creed, to all God's children whom He loves each alike with that same love which 'passeth all understanding.'"

The Federal Council has many plans for getting goodwill on the non-networks stations. Director Frank C. Goodman is now in the midst of a non-networks campaign to honor the women who kept country and small town churches alive

through the depression. "This is an indirect approach to the goal we aimed at by the 'Plea for Better Understanding,'" Dr. Goodman declared. "For the gospel of Christ is still the most formidable enemy of totalitarianism. In Germany Christians who stand up stubbornly for the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount are persecuted as ruthlessly as are the Jews. Women in America who get up church suppers and socials and who bake for food sales are doing a greater job than they know for liberty and brotherhood: and hundreds of radio voices are now telling them so."

The voice of Hatred that turned our village funny man into a preacher of evil was heard for only a few months from a neighborhood radio station. It is a weak sister among stations—weak in wavelength, and program resources. The owner detested the hate-peddling broadcaster, but the fellow paid too well for the time he used to be ignored by a hard-pressed small business man struggling to meet expenses.

Although this radio owner found it difficult to be a martyr to principle in the midst of a battle to meet his payroll, he does respect the standards of the radio industry. He will gladly give our responsible community leaders free time to broadcast understanding and good will.

Tricky and dangerous as they are in the aggregate, the Daggetts have one vulnerable spot. *Not one of them is liked or respected in his home town.* This goes for little minnows like Mert and for tougher customers of whom you read in your newspaper. On this knowledge, the wisdom of National Religious Radio's non-networks service is based. The tribe of hate-spreaders can best be defeated in their own bailiwicks by courageous local men and women who know them for what they are. It is impossible to refute all their vicious falsehoods. But when National Religious Radio puts in the hands of a man like our pastor the facts which enable him to build up before his people *the whole picture* of which the Mert Daggetts are a part, their power for harm is likely to be at an end.

Men and women who have lived long in great cities tend to forget the influence in smaller communities of a trusted local leader whose deeds for years have spoken louder than any words he will ever say. Even a Gandhi or a Thomas Mann speaking on a major network would draw fewer listeners and inspire less real interest among the people on our road than a few simple talks from the unpretentious, friendly man who has christened their babies, married their sons and daughters, bucked up their courage in moods of discouragement, and buried their dead. When National Religious Radio puts in this man's overcoat pocket a kit of facts into which has been condensed more pamphlets, books, surveys, and documents than you could crowd on many library shelves, his power against dubious local propaganda is invincible.

"Your local leaders, with the service we have organized to help them, can send Mert Daggett as an *influence* crawling into his hole," said Dr. Goodman. "Then he'll stop inflating his ego by hate-spreading. And perhaps you'll get your harmless village jokesmith back again."

(Continued from page 17)

decision?" He was calm but insistent.

We knew that the regiment was at a junction station, ten miles away and our garrison consisted of sixty soldiers. What could we do? The fifty thousand rubles was collected in a few minutes. The two soldiers were called to the room. Although nobody expected the "loan" to be paid, nevertheless Orlov composed a formal note to be signed by the representatives of the regiment. Their *mandates* (identification papers) were attached to the note, on which the soldiers put two crosses, for they were illiterate.

After they had left, Orlov locked in his safe the paper, as well as the list of all contributors; and upon the request of Strelkov who had been supported by some of the other businessmen, he called up the office of the Secretary of War in Petrograd. The reply of one of the Secretary's lieutenants was as brief as it was unsatisfactory. "You had no right to pay them: they were deserters from the front. Why did you not arrest them?" The mayor did not consider it necessary to continue the conversation and hung up.

The regiment had gone and our money with it, never to return. However, that was the only bill the Revolution presented us in 1917, and knowing that it could have been much larger we considered ourselves lucky.

"How much have you paid?" Zakhar Ivanovich, my bookkeeper, asked me. He already knew of the incident when he met me at the entrance to my office upon my return.

"One thousand."

"Shall I enter it as charity?"

"I don't mind. It would be more proper to put it as 'educational item.'" I smiled, because truly I did not mind. The season was excellent. All one hundred and fifty rooms of my hotel had been occupied since February, and the reservations on file extended till the end of the fall.

"A gentleman wants to see you," the bookkeeper informed me as I turned the doorknob. "He does not believe that we cannot find a room for him."

I opened the door. "Stasya!" I exclaimed, immediately recognizing Stanislas Shatsky, a Pole, who had been my classmate in high school. "Certainly, we'll find a room for the gentleman." I had not seen him for many years, but he was the same goodlooking and cheerful friend of my boyhood. "What good wind blows you here?" I asked, shaking hands with him.

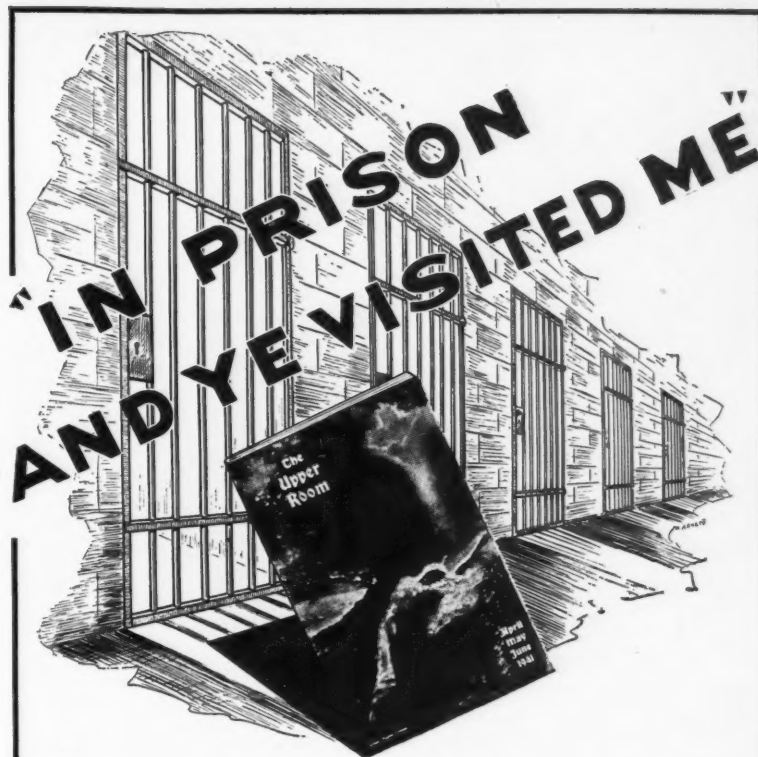
"My physician sent me for a couple of weeks. My heart needs some rest."

"You will recover in this wonderful place. I hope that you don't mind staying with me, for it is true that all rooms are occupied." We had several joyful days together, for he was an exceptionally gifted man, a musician, a singer, and I was an expert performer on the accordion. He told me many things about events in Moscow and in Petrograd, interpreting them as an eyewitness.

"I see that you are very successful," he remarked. "Do you remember? Once you told me that your god is money. Evidently your god is gracious to you, but..."

"But what?"

"You'd better transfer your gold abroad, before it is too late."



THREE letters received by The Upper Room from prisons, located in the East, West, and South, show the power of the Christian gospel, as carried by this devotional booklet, to reach men and women even behind prison bars.

IN SING SING PRISON—

"The Upper Room is well received and read. No one can ever estimate the fruit from the seed sown. If doing so much good here, how much more good can be done in the churches that would use them to the utmost of their ability? I think it behooves every pastor to literally **push** their distribution."

Luther J. Hannum, Jr., Protestant Chaplain,
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"I cannot begin to tell you how much this devotional booklet means to us. A large number of inmates use it to guide them in their daily Bible reading and study. Some of the inmates come to us and ask for the new booklet before the previous one has expired."

Alfred C. Schmitt, Director, Library and Religious Dept.,
California State Prison, San Quentin, Calif.

IN VIRGINIA INSTITUTIONS—

"We have found The Upper Room to be the most useful piece of devotional literature which we have been able to place in the hands of the people in our institutions. We are using it in three tubercular sanatoriums, in the Women's Industrial Farm (prison), the hospitals of the Penitentiary and the State Farm, and in four of our juvenile institutions (industrial schools). I have on my desk now twenty-eight letters from girls at one of our industrial schools expressing their appreciation for The Upper Room and what it has meant to them."

Henry Lee Robison, Jr., Director, Religious Work in State Institutions,
Richmond, Va.

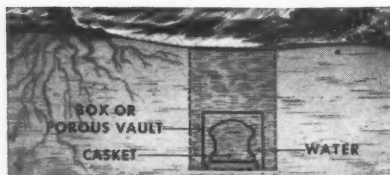
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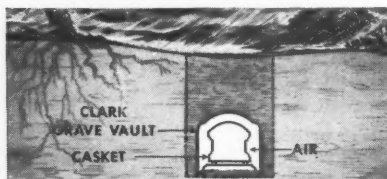
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KNOW that peace of mind which comes from choosing the Clark Galvanized Metal Vault. It is the only vault coated, by Clark's exclusive process, with 25 to 35 pounds of zinc to give probably 2 to 5 times as long-lasting protection as the same vault ungalvanized. Ask your funeral director to show you Clark Galvanized Vaults, also other Clark models, priced within your means. Write for free booklet telling what to do when you are asked to "take charge." The Clark Grave Vault Co., Dept. CH-31, Columbus, O.



"What do you mean?"

"I am afraid that you will lose it here. All of your class will lose it. The March Revolution is not the last word; a social revolution is coming. Have you heard about Lenin?"

"Certainly. I met him in Switzerland; a maniac."

"If you so label a man who believes in his ideas and makes others believe in them, he is a maniac; but to me he is a great leader of the proletariat. You will hear of him."

I did not believe him; we separated, Shatsky to become one of the most prominent and respected Soviet educators, and I to lose everything, and after unusual experiences in the land of the Soviets to find myself an emigrant. At that time, however, I thought that he had remained an incurable idealist and dreamer. Yet he was right; and once more I learned that man usually pictures the future as he likes it to be. But for some time after Shatsky's visit, I disregarded his warnings. Neither did I pay any attention to the words of such a practical man as Simonovich, the former middleman of the late Rasputin.

One night when I was in my office, my manager led to me a well-dressed, businesslike middle-aged man who had a new leather grip in his hand.

"I want to talk with you confidentially," he said to me. I made a signal to the manager, who immediately left the room.

"Perhaps you know me," he began, "I am Simonovich, known as the secretary of Gregory Rasputin. I am leaving Russia, and between you and me, I have some valuables with me. Tell me frankly, would it be safe for me to stay one night at your hotel?" Seeing my astonishment, he continued. "I know that the Grand Hotel is a first-class establishment, but I want to know whether it is quiet in the city. Are there Anarchists and Bolsheviks here, and are criminals active in your city?" I told him that as far as I knew, there was no danger for him to stay. Fortunately for Simonovich we had two rooms reserved but not yet occupied.

"You see," he said, "my wife does not feel well, and a night at the hotel will help her. By the way, may I get two policemen for protection? Of course, they will be well paid."

I recommended that he talk with the chief of the militia. He did so, and soon two militia sergeants arrived at the office.

"I have some historical documents which are dear to me," Simonovich said to them. "I need your protection, and you will receive one hundred rubles each for your service." So the bargain was made.

Simonovich's family consisted of his wife, two daughters, and a son, who occupied one room where several trunks and small grips had already been brought. He took the other room and had the militia men stationed in the corridor in front of each room. Simonovich ordered supper and invited me to share his company. I accepted the invitation, for I was eager to hear from him about Rasputin, whom I had met once in Moscow under circumstances which excluded a serious study of his character. I had met him in a private room of one of the most fashionable Moscow restaurants, "Yard," the owner of which, Sudakov, was my

friend and client when I was practicing law. Sudakov introduced me to the Tsar's favorite as his "most ardent admirer," and I attended a party with him. Businessmen who wished to curry favor with Rasputin in order to reach the ear of the Tsar's high officials frequently used this method.

Rasputin was in his usual *poddevn* (a kind of Russian coat worn by peasants), which was unbuttoned and showed a blue silk shirt with silver buttons. His face with its long black beard was familiar to me, and I now tried to discover the secret of his influence and magic power over the Tsar and especially over the Tsarina. I had heard about his magnetic eyes, and truly they were exceedingly sharp and piercing, expressing will power and determination. What especially impressed me was the immutability of his look. The look of every man usually changes reflecting his emotions or thoughts. Rasputin's look, with all its expressiveness seemed to be always the same—when he ordered new songs to be sung, or when later he danced the "Trepak," a popular Russian dance. One thing was evident to me, that he was a man of enormous physical energy, and that fact, perhaps, might explain his wild parties and revelries. However, in spite of his reputed power of soothing the unfortunate little Tsarevich, it was beyond my comprehension how Rasputin, after all a plain, illiterate *muzhik* peasant, could dominate the Emperor of all Russia and the Tsarina, and become the most powerful man in Russia. When I told Simonovich about this impression made upon me by Rasputin, I unwittingly provoked him to a long defense of his former patron.

"Much nonsense has been written about Gregory and me," he said, "Contrary to the newspaper articles, he had no interest in money; he never had it, because all that he received from his admirers, he gave away. He had a good heart and he helped many people in need. It is true that some used his influence upon the Tsar, and he received generous gifts, but he had nothing left for himself. Do you know that had he not been murdered, the *cherta osiedlosti* (restrictions for the Jews' residence, except in certain parts of Russia) would have been abolished. Of course, his death ruined all plans."

He told me also about the situation in Petrograd after the March Revolution and, like Shatsky, predicted the victory of Lenin.

"Believe me, Lenin and his Bolsheviks will soon be in power. I can not say what their achievements may be, but the country will experience terrible chaos. Do you think that I am crazy to go abroad if it were possible to work here? I have converted my fortune into diamonds and gold; but I know that nowhere in the world can one earn money as easily as in Russia; and if I go, the reason is that I foresee the future."

Jokingly advising me to follow him, Simonovich left our city; but I still believed that Lenin and Communism had no chance in Russia. I did not anticipate that in November Lenin would overthrow the Provisional Government and that soon afterwards I should learn the A.B.C.'s of Communism in a very costly way.

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 35)

In the present emergency there is little to be gained by harping on the mistakes of the past. It is easy to look back and see some of our glaring and outrageous national and social blunders. Our hindsight seems so much better than our foresight. Long ago we should have reckoned on a storm. Long ago we should have put our national house in order and instituted those reforms that might have brought about, in peace, the revolutionary changes that raw, human nature is demanding today; all of which might have been accomplished at one-quarter of the cost of our emergency efforts at under-girding the ship today. But we can't go back to Fair Havens. We are out on the deep.

Well, the first thing to do is to stop drifting. Don't drive on in the darkness. Let us hold to what we have till we are sure of a new world. Our cherished democracy, our Christian civilization may go to pieces under our feet; but we had better stick to the ship till we see where we are to land. So, in the matter of our personal life, as in the matter of our national life, the first thing to do is to cast anchor astern and stop drifting. Stop playing with temptation! Throw out an anchor on your besetting sin, your inclination to dishonesty, your hasty speech, your driving, stormy temper. Throw out an anchor! Keep throwing them out till the ship stops drifting!

Another counsel that Paul gave those panic-stricken passengers was one that our people need so much to hear and heed today—the counsel of national unity. When Paul detected some of the sailors launching the only lifeboat, planning to save themselves, he went to the captain and said, "Except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved." We must all stick together in these stormy times. We must get rid of our personal prejudices, our

(Continued on next page)



DR. ALBERT JOSEPH MCCARTNEY

Was born in Northwood, Ohio, son of the Rev. Professor J. L. McCartney, D.D. of Geneva College. Studied in the University of Denver, Bachelor of Letters; the University of Wisconsin; Princeton Theological Seminary; Oxford and Glasgow, post graduate work. Ministered first to a country church, Westfield Congregation, Mt. Jackson, Pa.; next in an industrial town, First Presbyterian Church, Sharon, Pa.; then to the Kenwood Evangelical Church, Chicago, Illinois, an inter-denominational church; a short pastorate in the First Presbyterian Church, Santa Monica, California; minister to the Covenant-First Presbyterian Church (The National Presbyterian Church Designate), Washington, D. C. since 1930. Chairman, Committee on Religious Life in the Nation's Capital, a committee comprised of Catholics, Jews and Protestants.

MARCH 1941



You've got plenty on your mind besides musty old history dates and what x plus y equals! Your stockings are all shot. So's your budget. You're simply mad for a new "formal". Slippers, too! And you lie awake nights plotting how to wangle a permanent. (Just to mention a few of your problems.)

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(Continued from page 51)

selfish interests, our catch-as-catch-can philosophies and keep in mind that we are all in the same boat and we are all bound to help one another through the difficult days ahead.

Now all that we have been saying constitutes what we might call the human side of the story. The real, blazing feature of it is the divine side of the story. If we are to be saved at all it will come through a revival of our faith in God. It was the bold statement of Paul, his voice sounding above the howling of the wind and the beating of the waves, that put order and sanity and heart into those shipwrecked passengers. Up to this point Paul had nothing to say but when they came to the point where all hope that they should be saved was taken away, then Paul stood forth and declared, "Be of good cheer. We may lose the ship but we, ourselves, are going to be saved, for there stood by me this night the Angel of the God, whose I am and whom I

(Continued from page 27)

Raphael's beautiful "Alba Madonna," the gem of the collection, for which Mr. Mellon paid more than one million dollars.

Raphael, it may be recalled, went to Rome in 1508, with a commission to decorate the walls of the Vatican; and at that time he painted this work and other famous studies of the Virgin and Child. This painting, done about 1510, hung for a while over the altar of a small village church near Naples. Such a perfect example of the painter's art could not remain in obscurity for long, however, and it was taken to Spain, where it became part of the collection of the Duke of Alba. Later it passed to a London banker, who in his turn sold it to Tsar Nicholas I, in 1836.

In Russia it underwent an amazing operation, one well known to art experts, but almost incredible to the layman. By the most ingenious technique, the picture was transferred without damage from the wood panel on which Raphael had painted it to the canvas on which it now is! Then for almost a hundred years it hung in the Hermitage gallery in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, a feast for the eyes of only a favored few, until the turn of history brought it across the Atlantic to become one of the outstanding treasures of our national collection.

It was about 1482 that Botticelli painted his great work, the "Adoration of the Magi," one of the most prized pictures in the world. He, too, had been called to Rome to work on the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. In glowing jewel-like colors he shows the Holy Family surrounded by a worshiping throng, while, at the feet of the Infant Jesus, kneeling figures offer their gifts.

Among the many Madonnas in the Gallery, another Raphael, known as the Niccolini-Cowper, is one of the most appealing. It shows the laughing Babe seated on His Mother's lap.

To approximately the same period belongs one of the finest pictures from the Kress collection, the "Adoration of the Shepherd," by Giorgione, a Venetian painter whose works are extremely rare.

serve. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." To that voice we are bound to listen today. We must hear and heed the counsel and the command of the man who has faith in God, for God is standing by us. Much that you and I have counted essential in our way of life may be broken on the rocks, our very form of government may go down; but the soul and body of America, baptized in its infancy in the name of Christ and rededicated again and again to His Spirit, will be saved. So hold onto your faith, that a better day in the Providence of God is dawning for us and through that dawn we may descry, "a bay with a beach!"

It is still a dark world in which we are living—dark because of sin. It has been a long, long night of waiting. How long, O Lord, how long! And, again, we cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" And the answer comes, reassuring, "Morning cometh. Morning. But still it is night." BUT ONE STAR IS OUT, and if we follow that star, it shall guide our feet in the way of peace.

Another that holds unusual interest is the Van Eyck "Annunciation," for Van Eyck and his brother, who flourished in the first part of the fifteenth century, became the "fathers of oil painting," when they introduced the use of linseed oil for mixing colors in place of the not-so-satisfactory raw egg and vinegar in use up till then.

The collections will be split up and the pictures arranged in groups according to the period or school to which they belong. There are over one hundred rooms on the main floor, decorated with paneling, tapestry or other hangings suitable to the period in which the pictures hanging on their walls were painted. Some of these will remain unfinished for the present, reserved for canvases acquired in the future.

Gainsborough's paintings of Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan is typical of that English school which delighted to portray beautiful women of the period, and which is also represented by Reynolds and Romney. Characteristic, too, is Turner's scene showing the river Thames bathed in the golden evening haze which the artist loved to paint.

There are five Gilbert Stuart pictures in the collection of American artists, which also includes examples of John Copley, equally famous in England, John Trumbull, Benjamin West, Chester Harding, and Mather Brown.

Benjamin West, who became president of the Royal Academy in London, is represented by a picture of particular early American interest. The painting, done in warm tones of red and russet, shows Guy Johnson, Superintendent of the Indian Department in pre-Revolutionary days, and standing behind him his Mohawk guide and secretary, whom he had taught to speak English.

Edward Savage, who painted the picture of the Washington family already referred to, was mostly self-taught, but he rose eventually to the forefront of American artists.

Through the open window gleams the broad Potomac, over which Washington must often have gazed toward the spot where, in the proud capital he had dreamed of, the majestic new National Gallery of Art now rises.



PERSONALITY OR CURRICULUM— *Which is more important in Education?*

THE industrial movement in America has directly affected educational procedures. We produce machinery on a mass production basis and some think we should do the same in education. We have glorified quantity; big buildings, big laboratories, big libraries, big enrollments. We have mechanized procedures. Judgments of professors are not allowed; students must be subjected to a series of so-called objective tests. We have overspecialized subject matter. Where we used to have one course, we now have four. History must be studied by periods rather than in a general course.

The fallacies involved in this total situation are quite evident. Education cannot be determined by quantitative factors. Education must consider and give place to individual interests and the development of personalities. Mastery of subjects does not constitute an education.

The church-related colleges have always maintained that education must deal with students rather than subjects, with the individual rather than the group. Individualization in education has been the key to educational efficiency and success. With apologies to Edwin Markham, the church-related college believes:

"We are all blind until we see that in the human plan,
"Nothing is worth the making unless it makes the man."

To be student-centered, rather than curriculum- or method-centered, is the desire of the church-related colleges. The faculty members are interested in subjects and methods as means to the development of personalities. An issue in American education is whether the church colleges will be allowed to get rid of the shackles of tests, measurements, quantitative standards and mass production in order to serve more effectively the individual student who is the center of the educational process.

"Dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust," is an attitude of the churches today as it was of the New England fathers in 1636. A church must train its pastors and leaders according to its own spirit. Colleges and seminaries are established so that adequate instruction may be given in subjects necessary for the full equipment of the leader in the various phases of the church's work. More than seventy-five per cent of the leaders of the churches are trained in church colleges, if they have a college education.

There must be Christian leaders in all walks of life: the schools, government, business, industry, and all the vocations. The curricula in the church colleges are no longer limited to those subjects which serve as a desirable background for theological studies. The courses in most church colleges serve excellently as bases for all the professions and most of the vocations.

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key to civilization, the nerve center of progress, and the citadel of righteousness. Leaders with Christian ideas and principles are the only effective agents for the maintaining of a desirable civilization and in the conservation of the great values of life. The church-related colleges are the educational institutions in which the development of such leadership is a definite and conscious objective. In the fulfillment of this purpose rests the perpetuity of the church-related college.

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

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Out of the Night, by Jan Valtin. (749 pp. Alliance Book Corporation, \$3.50.) Here is the twentieth-century "book of horrors," with nothing to choose between the sadists of Communism and Nazism. The story is revolting. It nauseates and terrifies. It is the great lust, the colossal torture. Nero was a gentle fellow when compared with these "kidney crushers" of the new world order. The picture is of revolutionists turned assassins and rapists; of a whole generation between two wars "caught in the net of its own weaving," and preaching inhumanity, worshiping brutality at the shrine of human freedom. The facts themselves are an insult to every decency, and the language is as indecent as the facts require. Also, the perfidy of the authoritarian state is proved beyond rebuttal. Every apologist for the authoritarian state, every appeaser in America, should sentence himself to read on an empty stomach the last three hundred words of "Out of the Night."

There are no heroes, only villains and assassins—save that the author is courageous enough not to spare himself. The book will be a "best seller." It fairly screams, "Wake up America." Now if you read it, blame yourself, for I have warned you.

Toward Freedom, the Autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru. (445 pp., The John Day Company, \$4.00.) One of the truly great books of the generation. If India has importance in any scheme for world reorganization on firm foundations, to those who would play their part—indeed, to all who would have an intelligent approach to the problem itself—this biography is required reading. Reflections on social change are especially significant. The discussion of dominion status and independence is equally significant. And the conclusions, agreed with or not, are tremendously important. For the first time, I have found a convincing statement for the facets of the crises reflecting the philosophies and convictions of Gandhi and Nehru. Prejudiced, as well as unprejudiced minds, will find this book carrying conviction, even though it may not change previously arrived at conclusions.

He Looked for a City, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. (408 pp., Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.50.) Why a thoroughly fine story should be handicapped with so unfortunate an opening chapter, I do not know. The vicar dies twice—so far as the reader is concerned. We begin with a dreary recital of the inconvenience occasioned by his obsequies, and then for thirty years move steadily toward that concluding event. The story itself is so strong and beautiful, so human and yet divine, that it should not have been thus prejudiced. I unqualifiedly commend the book to all who read "If Winter Comes" and to all others.

Life for Life's Sake, by Richard Aldington. (411 pp. The Viking Press, \$3.00.) Here is a biography that is, I think, the forerunner to the author's next novel and definitely so timed. It is as much a defense of D. H. Lawrence as it is the story of the writer's life. Indeed, it is argumentative rather than biographical, but brilliantly done.

Life's Intimate Relationships, by Talmage C. Johnson. (205 pp., Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, \$1.50.) Christianity must always be aware of the problems with which this book deals. The chapters make easy reading in vast areas of profound experience.

Anchor to Windward, by Edwin Valentine Mitchell. (270 pp., Coward-McCann, Inc., \$2.75.) Edwin Valentine Mitchell does for Maine winters what previously he has done for Maine summers. This is the gripping story of the Maine Seacoast Mission. The descriptions are intimate and vivid. Quaint island characters come to life upon these pages, and the "down east" folk are made attractively real.

Juggernaut Over Holland, by E. N. van Kleffens. (195 pp., Columbia University Press, \$2.00.) This concise statement is a complete picture. Again America is warned. Again the dictators are revealed as incapable of keeping faith or rewarding confidence. The author participated in and lived through the events he describes.

These Shared His Cross, by Edwin McNeill Poteat. (192 pp., Harper & Brothers, \$1.75.) This author has a revealed scholarship that complements his readers'. He is always stimulating, inspiring, challenging. My own theological convictions stand clearer after I finish one of his books. Even that in which I disagree decisively contributes to this clarifying process. The present volume gives one an original experience of the cross. One wonders why Dr. Poteat writes: "But police power is not police power when it destroys the disturber of public peace. In that act it becomes penal; and that confuses the whole issue." The day I read *that*, a New York patrolman was shot to death trying to restrain a confirmed offender. Later the offender was killed as he continued the battle against the Law, endangering the lives of law-abiding citizens.

Sapphira and the Slave Girl, by Willa Cather. (295 pp., Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.50). Again Willa Cather confirms her right to the title of America's first stylist. She has clarity and cumulative restraint. There are no overtones, but she does make reality most convincing. Her latest story sometimes leaves one gasping but never disappointed.

In China Now, by Winifred Galbraith. (285 pp., William Morrow & Co., \$2.50). The most descriptive and intimate book upon the common people of the new China just now arriving that I have yet read. Winifred Galbraith of all who have written in this field, today takes my 1941 Nobel Prize. "The Chinese peasant loses everything, but as Confucius said,"—she writes—"You cannot rob even a common man of his will." It is thus in all her stories that she interprets the Chinese people in whom she greatly believes.

Jennifer, by Janet Whitney. (427 pp., William Morrow and Company, \$2.50). An historical novel of distinction. That shameful period in English history when gentlewomen and even children were manacled with hardened criminals and shipped out to Botany Bay, comes alive upon these throbbing pages. Out of it all emerges a prophecy of present-day Australia. The heroine is lovely and has all the graces. Even the villain, who is most villainous, has his noble moment, while the hero is in the best tradition. *Jennifer* is a timely book and will be widely read.

A Preface to Christian Theology, by John A. Mackay. (183 pp., The Macmillan Company, \$2.00). Here is the most vital and readable book in the field of theology that has come to me in a long decade. It is to the preacher and to all other serious-minded readers in any field of contemporary literature, an indispensable volume. The last chapter, "The Church and Secular Order," is in itself a preacher's library.

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Random Harvest, by James Hilton. (327 pp., Little, Brown and Company, \$2.50). The latest of James Hilton's always-eagerly-awaited novels will make a greater picture than it is a book. Definitely it is a "lesser" than *Lost Horizon*, and of these three "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips" is the greatest. Even so, "Random Harvest" will enthral a multitude. It tunes in on dying worlds with a song of life.

Introduction to Youth, by Erdman Harris. (221 pp., The MacMillan Company, \$1.75.) Dr. Harris sets up guideposts for parents, teachers, ministers and youth leaders generally. He introduces adults to the modern generation and really shows how older people can help, and—what is more important—how they can help young people to help themselves. He reveals himself as an understanding psychologist. There is a wealth of practical illustration. Such subjects as sermons to young people, and the conduct of personal interviews are dealt with intimately. The author, whose academic background is quite unusual, has worked intimately with secondary school and college students, as well as with underprivileged young people.

The Poison Arrow, by W. Jefferson Dennis (Fortun's, \$2.00.) is a dynamic action story that leaves the impression in every chapter of being autobiographical. Addressed especially to American youth, it will be just as interesting and inspiring to adults. And it is as high and clean as the great mountains of Peru, where the action takes place. Recommended.

How Firm a Foundation, by James C. Muir. (292 pp., National Publishing Company, \$2.50.) As a survey of the New Testament, the birth and establishment of Christianity, in the light of archaeology and secular history, this volume has come to the Kingdom of Grace for such a time of uncertainty as this. Within these pages we are shown how the Son of God and of Man, Jesus Christ the Lord, was able to reshape, completely re-fashion, the everlasting Church. The story is detailed. The argument moves to an inescapable conclusion, and the conclusion is justified by the revealed facts. Here is new courage and deepened faith for all who in a confused world seek eternal truth.

My Narrow Isle, by Sumie Seo Mishima. (280 pp., The John Day Company, \$2.75.) "A biographical novel" is a more or less accurate description of this scintillating, revealing story of a modern Japanese woman in "old Japan." "New Japan" it is by the test of industrial organization and military might, but "old Japan" it remains in the home. The story makes enjoyable reading. It is particularly timely because of the entrance of Japan into the sphere of the Axis Powers, with a direct challenge to America.

The World of the Thibaults, by Roger Martin du Gard. (Complete in two volumes, 1895 pp., the Viking Press, \$6.00.) This monumental work of nearly 2000 pages, and more than 600,000 words, received the Nobel Prize Award in the field of fiction before its final volumes were

finished. It is now complete in eleven volumes. The exhaustive detail should make for dull reading, but there are few dull pages. It is the life of a family. More, it is the sex life, suggestions of perversions included, of a French family of the pre-war and early-war periods. Critics generally are in raptures over it. I do not recommend it for even mature readers. Other things aside, and the Nobel Award respectfully regarded, it just isn't worth the time spent.



SLEET-COVERED

Last night the little naked trees
Went bathing in the rain;
A passing Norther stopped and wrapped
Them all in cellophane!

By Nancy Richey Ranson



(Continued from page 21)

Mr. King has supplied not only time, office space and secretarial help, but intelligent criticism and unceasing personal follow-up. His father, Theophilus King, left a fund to be administered annually among all the forty churches of Quincy, and the son is carrying on along the same line. Not every community will be so fortunate as to find an individual of this sort; but it is probable that somewhere in every movement there must be an equivalent enthusiasm, devotion, and intelligence. Mr. King is the last citizen in Quincy to expect credit for his share; but he is among the first dozen or so to deserve it.

The movement has in it much of instinctive rallying around the democratic idea of government.

"I just figure we can't afford to neglect our churches, the world being what it is," said one young man who started going to church as a result of the movement.

"There is a growing belief that if democracy is to continue to function, there must be a concerted effort to raise our moral and spiritual standards," says one of the pieces of Quincy's promotional material.

"It's not sentiment, it's plain common sense," replies Walter A. Schmitz, business manager of the Quincy *Patriot Ledger*, to a wondering comment on the vigorous backing the newspaper gives. "A church-going community is a good community, and a good community is a good place for a newspaper."

It's a lay movement, strictly, the only kind of movement which could campaign for church going. It is spreading. Neighboring towns are starting it this year, and queries have come in from Wisconsin, Montana, South Dakota, Michigan, California. Because it is thoroughly in harmony with today's ground-swell of opinion, it is destined to spread much further. Already Kiwanis is setting up regional committees on "Spiritual Uplift."

It's a unique community idea, in that not a single, solitary criticism has been leveled against it. None can be. The work itself is fun, and all its results are good.

(Continued from page 31)

From California comes a unique use of the property surrounding the minister's home. He has a well-lighted badminton court which makes it possible for him and his wife to entertain large groups of young people in their ample yard. Besides badminton, they have ping pong, croquet, tether ball and a trapeze and slide for the younger ones.

These much-entered dwellings of our clergy should be places not only of intellect and piety but of beauty. Goethe said of architecture, "It is frozen music." This music of our "glebe houses" can be harmonious music and a fitting accompaniment to the cheer, inspiration and solace which the minister himself gives out to the poor and the rich with equal measure, to the sorrowful as well as to the happy.



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(Continued from page 33)

the life of men—and far more intimately. Modern woman, if she is to find the familiar, eternally deep lasting satisfactions which make life worth living, has been obliged, even more than modern man, to understand her relation to society, and to transpose her activities into modern terms; and I'm not sure they have completed the process of understanding and transposing by our date of 1941. As in the case of modern man, an obstacle to her understanding of her relationship to life is that the productive activity which is still open to her is hardly ever concerned with the whole of a process, but only with one small part of an almost infinitely subdivided process. The wage-earner, working forty hours a

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(Continued from page 57)

week on the assembly line in a factory, if he is not to degenerate into a mere robot, must make the mental effort necessary to realize that he is really helping manufacture automobiles, not just turning so many hundred times a day a meaningless screw or bolt. And mental effort is harder for most of us than muscular effort. In the same way women need to realize that they, themselves, the mothers, are still responsible for the quality of the education given their boys and girls even though their children no longer get it at home under their mother's eyes. That vital responsibility is only transposed into another part of their parents' lives, a part carried on in the realm of citizenship. They can now do their duty by their own boys and girls only by active, intelligent cooperation with their fellow-citizens. And oh! is this a painfully new way of life for the feminine half of humanity, who have back of them untold centuries of individual, isolated, independent activity inside their homes, where few people knew what they did and no outsider had a right to interfere. It is easier by far to teach one's own children a few primitive skills than to see to it that the best possible people are elected to be school directors and when elected kept up by public opinion to the best they can do. To make sure that good teachers preside over our classrooms means much more than an occasional "visit to school." It means some study of methods of teacher-training, some knowledge of how it is carried on in one's own State as compared to the rest of the country; it means that when money is spent on building and upkeep of our school buildings, mothers and fathers should be vigilantly watchful that it is spent to advantage, with only a fair return remaining in the contractor's hands and not a penny sticking to the palms of politicians.

It is much easier and simpler for the mentally undisciplined ordinary person to sit down with one's own little girl and teach her how to turn a hem, than to learn how to do one's part in managing the levers and steering wheels and spark plugs of group life so that she is assured of good training in home economics in her high school. But that is now what she needs. She needs instruction from a trained specialist about how to get her money's worth when she buys in the huge world-market of modern merchandise which she finds in the modern grocery, in the modern department store.

This, I think, is the danger to American women in the mid-twentieth-century where we find ourselves; that she be misled by the surface aspect of modern society into thinking that what used to be her responsibility is being carried by other agencies, when the fact is that those agencies won't function if she doesn't do her full citizen's share in supporting, steering, shaping, defending and correcting them. When a child breaks a leg in a bobsled accident, and is carried off in a fine modern ambulance to a wonderfully equipped modern city hospital, it naturally seems to the mother, happily confident that the nurses and X-ray operators and expert anaesthetists and dieticians are now "taking care of Jimmy—or Babs." Not at all. She is still taking

care of her little son and daughter, as surely as her great-grandmother did of hers. But now as a citizen, working with other citizens, securing medical care for her family by group action, by pooling the efforts of many people whose united resources and attention can achieve vastly better and more efficient treatment for a broken leg than could the great-grandmother even by devotedly sitting up all night, night after night, to utter exhaustion.

Transpose these examples of modern education and medical care into other phases of community living: recreation opportunities, getting employment for the older adolescents and younger adults of a community; providing a chance in everyone's life for music, art, and other creative skills. The almost invisible danger which is the subject of my comment, stands out clear and plain, like secret writing in lemon juice held up to a fire. The form in which the old responsibilities must now be carried is new and unfamiliar, hence not recognized at a glance, like the old immediate, personally urgent ones. To gather one's own family circle of five or six around the organ or home piano for a pleasant evening of singing hymns or "Oh, Susanna!" or "The Bull-frog in the pond"—that is natural and sweet, and is certainly more readily recognizable as doing one's duty to one's family, than the effort to have good musical instruction in school, well-graded and progressing, till the high school seniors are competently singing in four parts a wealth of fine old folk-music and some of the noble choruses of Bach and Mendelssohn and Beethoven. A little knowledge of simple accompaniments and an occasional evening's time is enough to achieve the old form of responsibility for the music of one's growing children. But to send young people out into modern life with such musical background is now as anachronistic as it would be to send them out knowing how to chop down trees and split firewood but not how to drive an automobile. The modern responsibility means devoted attendance at committee meetings, watchful protection against slipshod, incompetent school music-teachers, effort to arouse and keep alive the morale of Parent-Teachers Associations, courage and resolute determination to fight off politicians trying to grab something for themselves out of resources which should go to schools, energy and imagination and contagious enthusiasm to wake up and inspire apathetic school-boards who think that their work is done when they have hired the janitor and bought the coal. Above all, the modern parent cannot do his fair share in seeing that his children are decently educated without warm appreciation and backing for the best and most creative-minded among the teachers and administrators in his local school system.

I might put it this way: it used to be possible to do one's duty by one's family by direct personal individual effort. Now vastly more is accomplished by using the long, powerful, weight-lifting mechanism of group action. But that is like a lever. It is not part of a perpetual motion machine. To put one end under something we want lifted won't get a thing done unless we throw our weight on the other end.

(Continued from page 39)

Then she flung her arms about his neck and lifted her lips to his. They clung to each other for a breathless moment.

"Ah, this is what I have lived for! Tell me, are you glad I have come?"

"Glad? Marcus! Marcus! How shall I show you what I have grown to feel for you?"

Marcus' face, under its tan, turned white.

"Now indeed I am blessed above all men," he murmured, and kissed her as if never before had he laid his lips to hers.

They went into the house, and there he briefly told her what he had done. He had followed the route suggested by Miles, and while it was difficult, had got through safely, convinced now that it would be feasible to bring settlers through in wagons. In the East he had visited Boston first, had appeared before the American Board and had given them such an effective account of what the various missions were accomplishing that the Board had given him a vote of complete confidence and had ordered the missions to continue. He had made a brief trip to Angelica, where he found Narcissa's people well. Most important of all, he had visited President Tyler and Daniel Webster, and had so interested them both that the fixing of the boundary of Oregon at parallel forty-nine, he was sure, would be included in the forthcoming treaty. Lastly, through the efforts of Senator Linn, of Missouri, he had persuaded one Jesse Applegate to assemble as many desirable immigrants as possible—and this train of settlers was the result.

"Thank God!" breathed Narcissa. "And thank Him for your safe return, dear husband!"

But Mr. and Mrs. Geiger could hold back the Indians no longer, and now the whole crowd burst in upon them. Narcissa, even had she wished to do so, would have had no opportunity to tell Marcus of the fate of Waii-lat-pu, then, for by the time he had freed himself from his Indian friends the first of the immigrants were riding up to the gates. The task of apportioning flour and vegetables was begun at once, with Charley Compo helping Marcus and Geiger.

The job was well under way, and the yard was thronged with immigrants and Indians when Umtippe shouldered his way into the glare of the fire near which the distributing was going on. His face was distorted with rage.

"What right have you to give away my food?" he shouted, striking a cup from Narcissa's hand. "You are a liar! You are a thief!" The old Indian's face was flecked with foam, and before Narcissa could speak the old Cayuse struck her violently across the face.

Instantly Marcus knocked him down. Umtippe scrambled to his feet and flung his tomahawk at Narcissa's head. It cut across her braids and buried itself in Charley Compo's skull. Compo pitched, head foremost, into a half-emptied potato barrel. There arose a diabolical howl from an Indian in the crowd, and Compo's father rushed forward, tomahawk raised.

A moment later, with the tomahawk of Compo's father in his skull, old Umtippe lay dead beside the crackling fire.

(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

Narcissa's cheek was bruised and one of her braids cut, but otherwise she was unhurt. After the wailing Indians had removed the two bodies, Marcus left the further distribution of food to Geiger and led Narcissa into the house.

"You don't know all it means!" she cried excitedly.

"Then tell me, dearest!"

Sitting by her husband's side, Narcissa told him of her bargain with Umtippe. At the end, she said, with a little sob. "After all these years together, all that we have done and suffered and sought has come to naught—" She buried her bruised face against Marcus' heart.

Under the cottonwoods the immigrants were settling down for the night. From the Indian village came the sound of wailing squaws. Marcus, with a tender great hand, lifted the flushed, beautiful face, and gently touched the bruised cheek with his lips.

The immigrant train was up and on its way to the Willamette early the next morning. Marcus, with a fresh horse, could easily overtake them the following day. That he planned to do in order to take what steps he might in the matter of Narcissa's bargain with Umtippe. When the last of the herds had followed in after the covered wagons, Marcus turned to the Cayuse village, and entered the lodge of the new chief, Compo's father.

"We shall miss our brother," said Marcus. Then,

"Did you know of Mrs. Whitman's bargain with Umtippe?"

"Yes," grunted the chief.

"We were to leave one week after my return," said Marcus. "If you insist, we shall do so. But I would like to lead these Bostons to the Willamette before I begin to make a new mission. Will you give us two months longer?"

Marcus watched the fierce, brooding face for a full minute.

"I'll give you two moons," said the chief finally.

And Marcus hurried out to tell Narcissa of their reprieve.

At noon, under a cloudless sky, and with a high, clean wind sweeping down from the Blue Mountains, Marcus said the last prayers over the blanket-wrapped body of his best friend among the Cayuse, then helped hoist the tragic bundle to the platform of cottonwood sticks where it would rest. An hour later, with great pomp of chant and beating drums, old Umtippe was hoisted to his last resting place, at a point which he himself had chosen. From his airy platform his dead eyes would never lose sight of the grave of the little White Cayuse. And from her bedroom window, whenever she looked toward her baby's grave, Narcissa must see, silhouetted against the exquisite shadow of Mount Hood, the death scaffold of the aborigine whose soul, after all, she had been unable to save.

Marcus left that night to guide the caravan over the most difficult part of its journey toward the Willamette.

He had been gone a week when Miles and Sarah appeared at the mission gates. It was a terrific day. For hours sleet had been driving across the plains. The mission had never seemed more isolated, and Narcissa greeted them with a cry of joy.

"We're wintering at Fort Vancouver," said Sarah, when they were seated.

"And we've been on a special errand as far east as the Dalles," said Miles. "Dr. McLoughlin feels pretty well cut up about this caravan of Dr. Whitman's. It brings the American population up so that it now outnumbers the British three to one. The Hudson's Bay Company will sing a different tune in Oregon now. Even Sir George has about given up, and admits that the new treaty will probably give everything up to parallel forty-nine to the Americans."

"Then we have won—even if Marcus and I do have to move elsewhere."

"Move? Why?"

Narcissa told him of their bargain with the chief.

Sarah Hall cried, indignantly, "They shall never drive you from Waii-lat-pu, Madam Whitman! I can promise you that! What do I not owe to you, my more than mother! Here's the chance for me to make the first payment on my debt. I'll see the chief tonight—right now." She rose as she spoke, and was off in the storm.

Miles turned to Narcissa to say, in a voice husky with emotion, "Mrs. Whitman, God alone knows all I owe to you! You've given me Sarah! And I don't think you realize what a person she is. She's big, that's all. Up there, among the Iroquois, she's already their ruler."

Narcissa laid a caressing hand on Miles' arm. "I'm glad, Miles dear—so glad!"

Sarah was gone until supper time. She burst into the dining room, threw her wet cloak on a chair, gave Miles a kiss and Narcissa a big hug.

"Tis done! We're bosom friends, the new chief and I! We decided that to circumvent Umtippe's ghost, it was well to keep the Whitmans at Waii-lat-pu. And we're going to work together to ally the Cayuse with the Iroquois."

"Then I can give Waii-lat-pu back to Marcus! Thank God! Oh, thank God." She hurried into her bedroom.

"Are they safe, now?" inquired Miles anxiously.

"For the time being. For a year or so. Then I can come back and do it over again. They are in my care now, these two dear people."

Sarah gave a great sigh of comfort, and dropped her head on Miles' shoulder.

They waited until the storm abated, then set forth for Fort Walla Walla. Narcissa accompanied them for a way, hoping to meet her husband returning. A few miles out they did meet him. Marcus greeted the young couple warmly. He and Narcissa sat on their horses until Miles and Sarah were out of sight. Then she told him of what Sarah had accomplished.

"Thank God!" repeated Marcus, echoing Narcissa's exclamation.

Then, with joy and high hope in their hearts, the Whitmans turned back to their mission.

THE END

Note: This story is an abridged version of Mrs. Morrow's novel published under the title, "We Must March." It is reproduced in Christian Herald through an arrangement with her publishers, William Morrow & Co.

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The Stamp Club

By Winthrop Adams

H. P. O.

A BRAND new postal service got under way in the U. S. on February 10th; it will be labeled H. P. O. by philatelists and the mailmen, but its full name will be U. S. Highway Post Office Service. That will stand for the mailing-places along the 140-mile highway between Washington and Harrisonburg, Va.

It's too late now for you to get your own first-trip covers ("Trip 1," in the cancellation die), but they will undoubtedly be on sale at your dealers. First-day cover specialists, step up!

Hospital

Few months back, we got a request from the Recreational Therapy Department of the Welfare Hospital, New York City, for duplicate stamps from our Club members. We thought we'd get a response when we passed the word along, but we didn't expect what we got.

Word comes from the hospital that they have received so many stamps that they despair of ever getting them straightened out. The recreational director asks me to pass along her thanks to the Club for its good work. It's a pleasure. If we can't be that way, that unselfish, occasionally, with this hobby, then it does us more harm than good.

Thanks a million, Clubbers. Send along the rest of them, if you want; the hospital can use them next year if not next week. The sick we have always with us.

Question Box

Q.: My 15-year old son says there is an American flag on a Viking ship, on an American stamp. Can you prove it? Ans.: We can. He's right. He is talking about the Norse American five cent stamp, which shows an eleventh century ship with an American flag. Somebody slipped on that one—or were the Vikings Americans, after all?

Q.: I'm desperate, trying to use one of those new dry watermark detectors. Am I color-blind, or what? The thing just doesn't seem to work. Ans.: I'm in trouble with mine, too. It isn't color-blindness; some stamps have watermarks so faint that you must use benzene, even in these dry detectors. Personally, I never got real satisfaction out of a dry box. You're sure of seeing what you want to see when you use benzene.

Q.: Is the Famous American issue liable to increase in value? Ans.: Don't know just what you mean by that one. It will not increase much for several years, unless, errors or varieties turn up in the issue. Current U. S., however, is always a safe investment. You can always get face value for them, and probably a little more, once the post offices stop selling them.

Q.: Is that new book, "Paper Chase," authoritative? Ans.: So far as we have read, yes. We've read two-thirds of it. It's worth your money for entertainment, facts being what they may. Best-written philatelic book in years.

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(Continued from page 59)

Narcissa's cheek was bruised and one of her braids cut, but otherwise she was unhurt. After the wailing Indians had removed the two bodies, Marcus left the further distribution of food to Geiger and led Narcissa into the house.

"You don't know all it means!" she cried excitedly.

"Then tell me, dearest!"

Sitting by her husband's side, Narcissa told him of her bargain with Umtippe. At the end, she said, with a little sob. "After all these years together, all that we have done and suffered and sought has come to naught—" She buried her bruised face against Marcus' heart.

Under the cottonwoods the immigrants were settling down for the night. From the Indian village came the sound of wailing squaws. Marcus, with a tender great hand, lifted the flushed, beautiful face, and gently touched the bruised cheek with his lips.

The immigrant train was up and on its way to the Willamette early the next morning. Marcus, with a fresh horse, could easily overtake them the following day. That he planned to do in order to take what steps he might in the matter of Narcissa's bargain with Umtippe. When the last of the herds had followed in after the covered wagons, Marcus turned to the Cayuse village, and entered the lodge of the new chief, Compo's father.

"We shall miss our brother," said Marcus. Then,

"Did you know of Mrs. Whitman's bargain with Umtippe?"

"Yes," grunted the chief.

"We were to leave one week after my return," said Marcus. "If you insist, we shall do so. But I would like to lead these Bostons to the Willamette before I begin to make a new mission. Will you give us two months longer?"

Marcus watched the fierce, brooding face for a full minute.

"I'll give you two moons," said the chief finally.

And Marcus hurried out to tell Narcissa of their reprieve.

At noon, under a cloudless sky, and with a high, clean wind sweeping down from the Blue Mountains, Marcus said the last prayers over the blanket-wrapped body of his best friend among the Cayuse, then helped hoist the tragic bundle to the platform of cottonwood sticks where it would rest. An hour later, with great pomp of chant and beating drums, old Umtippe was hoisted to his last resting place, at a point which he himself had chosen. From his airy platform his dead eyes would never lose sight of the grave of the little White Cayuse. And from her bedroom window, whenever she looked toward her baby's grave, Narcissa must see, silhouetted against the exquisite shadow of Mount Hood, the death scaffold of the aborigine whose soul, after all, she had been unable to save.

Marcus left that night to guide the caravan over the most difficult part of its journey toward the Willamette.

He had been gone a week when Miles and Sarah appeared at the mission gates. It was a terrific day. For hours sleet had been driving across the plains. The mission had never seemed more isolated, and Narcissa greeted them with a cry of joy.

"We're wintering at Fort Vancouver," said Sarah, when they were seated.

"And we've been on a special errand as far east as the Dalles," said Miles. "Dr. McLoughlin feels pretty well cut up about this caravan of Dr. Whitman's. It brings the American population up so that it now outnumbers the British three to one. The Hudson's Bay Company will sing a different tune in Oregon now. Even Sir George has about given up, and admits that the new treaty will probably give everything up to parallel forty-nine to the Americans."

"Then we have won—even if Marcus and I do have to move elsewhere."

"Move? Why?"

Narcissa told him of their bargain with the chief.

Sarah Hall cried, indignantly, "They shall never drive you from Waii-lat-pu, Madam Whitman! I can promise you that! What do I not owe to you, my more than mother! Here's the chance for me to make the first payment on my debt. I'll see the chief tonight—right now." She rose as she spoke, and was off in the storm.

Miles turned to Narcissa to say, in a voice husky with emotion, "Mrs. Whitman, God alone knows all I owe to you! You've given me Sarah! And I don't think you realize what a person she is. She's big, that's all. Up there, among the Iroquois, she's already their ruler."

Narcissa laid a caressing hand on Miles' arm. "I'm glad, Miles dear—so glad!"

Sarah was gone until supper time. She burst into the dining room, threw her wet cloak on a chair, gave Miles a kiss and Narcissa a big hug.

"Tis done! We're bosom friends, the new chief and I! We decided that to circumvent Umtippe's ghost, it was well to keep the Whitmans at Waii-lat-pu. And we're going to work together to ally the Cayuse with the Iroquois."

"Then I can give Waii-lat-pu back to Marcus! Thank God! Oh, thank God." She hurried into her bedroom.

"Are they safe, now?" inquired Miles anxiously.

"For the time being. For a year or so. Then I can come back and do it over again. They are in my care now, these two dear people."

Sarah gave a great sigh of comfort, and dropped her head on Miles' shoulder.

They waited until the storm abated, then set forth for Fort Walla Walla. Narcissa accompanied them for a way, hoping to meet her husband returning. A few miles out they did meet him. Marcus greeted the young couple warmly. He and Narcissa sat on their horses until Miles and Sarah were out of sight. Then she told him of what Sarah had accomplished.

"Thank God!" repeated Marcus, echoing Narcissa's exclamation.

Then, with joy and high hope in their hearts, the Whitmans turned back to their mission.

THE END

Note: This story is an abridged version of Mrs. Morrow's novel published under the title, "We Must March." It is reproduced in Christian Herald through an arrangement with her publishers, William Morrow & Co.

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The Stamp Club

By Winthrop Adams

H. P. O.

A BRAND new postal service got under way in the U. S. on February 10th; it will be labeled H. P. O. by philatelists and the mailmen, but its full name will be U. S. Highway Post Office Service. That will stand for the mailing-places along the 140-mile highway between Washington and Harrisonburg, Va.

It's too late now for you to get your own first-trip covers ("Trip 1," in the cancellation die), but they will undoubtedly be on sale at your dealers. First-day cover specialists, step up!

Hospital

Few months back, we got a request from the Recreational Therapy Department of the Welfare Hospital, New York City, for duplicate stamps from our Club members. We thought we'd get a response when we passed the word along, but we didn't expect what we got.

Word comes from the hospital that they have received so many stamps that they despair of ever getting them straightened out. The recreational director asks me to pass along her thanks to the Club for its good work. It's a pleasure. If we can't be that way, that unselfish, occasionally, with this hobby, then it does us more harm than good.

Thanks a million, Clubbers. Send along the rest of them, if you want; the hospital can use them next year if not next week. The sick we have always with us.

Question Box

Q.: My 15-year old son says there is an American flag on a Viking ship, on an American stamp. Can you prove it? Ans.: We can. He's right. He is talking about the Norse American five cent stamp, which shows an eleventh century ship with an American flag. Somebody slipped on that one—or were the Vikings Americans, after all?

Q.: I'm desperate, trying to use one of those new dry watermark detectors. Am I color-blind, or what? The thing just doesn't seem to work. Ans.: I'm in trouble with mine, too. It isn't color-blindness; some stamps have watermarks so faint that you must use benzene, even in these dry detectors. Personally, I never got real satisfaction out of a dry box. You're sure of seeing what you want to see when you use benzene.

Q.: Is the Famous American issue liable to increase in value? Ans.: Don't know just what you mean by that one. It will not increase much for several years, unless, errors or varieties turn up in the issue. Current U. S., however, is always a safe investment. You can always get face value for them, and probably a little more, once the post offices stop selling them.

Q.: Is that new book, "Paper Chase," authoritative? Ans.: So far as we have read, yes. We've read two-thirds of it. It's worth your money for entertainment, facts being what they may. Best-written philatelic book in years.

MARCH 1941



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FROM A GARDEN NOTE BOOK

By Donald H. Kingery

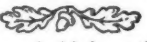


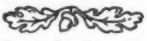
 **S**OME time ago I mentioned
here the home-made herb salve
that my great-grandmother on
father's side of the house used to make.
Not long since, when our family journeyed
to visit with my mother, I asked her about
this. She never knew the secrets of mak-
ing it and can recall but a part of the
ingredients.

To make it, sheep's tallow, beeswax and
unsalted fresh butter were used, she re-
members. Nine different herbs were used,
but the only three of which she is sure are
live-for-ever, tansy and bark of elderberry.
Some of the shrubs were pounded and
mashed. Some were fried in the tallow
and butter. The beeswax was for draw-
ing. It was all a complex process.

One of the younger members of my
family spoke up. "Grandmother, did you
actually use a salve like that?" was the
question asked. "That salve was the only
thing I had with which to raise my chil-
dren," my mother replied.

"When your father was a boy," she
went on, "a drugstore was a long way off
with a horse and buggy to take you there.
We didn't have such things as iodine. So
if any of the children had a burn or a cut
or a rusty nail run into his foot or poison
ivy or a stone bruise, the salve was used."

 **I**N THOSE good old days, the herbs that
grew in the garden thus served a useful
purpose. In those days too, we not only
grew vegetables and fruits, but we canned
them. There would be a sack of dried
apples for winter. I can still remember
how sweet corn was dried in big square
pans put on top of the summer kitchen in
the sun, with mosquito netting over them
to keep out flies. It might not be a bad
idea if today we were more self-sufficient
and less dependent upon others.

 **A**S I leaf through the new flower seed
catalogs and consult with some friends
who have advance knowledge of such mat-
ters, it seems that there are some more
new annual flowers that are listed and
available for this year that may well be
called to the attention of home flower
gardeners. Let me list a few of these.

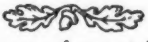
Marigold Dwarf Gigantea Pot O'Gold.
This is a large-flowered double bloom of
deep golden orange on a dwarf plant about
fifteen inches high. Akin to this is a mix-
ture of the same type in a range of mari-
gold colors called Gypsy Jewels.

Marigold Idabelle Firestone. Here is a
double bright red flower that originated as
a cross between the French and the Afri-
can types of marigolds. It is unusually
fine. It is said to be the first fertile hybrid
of its kind.

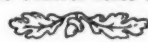
Marigold Giant Yellow Supreme. This
is a large-flowered type, like Yellow Su-

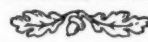
preme, that has been so popular of late
years, except that it is much larger. It
was created by treating Yellow Supreme
with colchicine, a drug now being used by
plant breeders. The marigold Tetra, first
introduced in 1940, was created the same
way by treating Guinea Gold with col-
chicine.

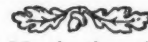
Howard's Giant Crested Zinnia. A pic-
ture of this was shown in the January is-
sue in connection with these notes. This
unusual large-flowered zinnia was created
by crossing the scabious flowered zinnia
with the large dahlia-flowered type. It is
sold in a mixture of colors. This I have
seen and I predict that it will be one of
the big surprises of 1941.

 **T**HIS is a year of uncertain future and
no man knoweth what is ahead. It
seems to me a time when more than usual
attention might be given to putting the
fruit shrubs and trees into the best con-
dition, that there may be plenty of fruit at
home. Perhaps some more might be
planted.

To this end, March is a good time to
give the apple trees, the quince bush, the
currants and others a dormant spray. If
a dormant miscible oil spray is used on
the shrubbery and shade trees, this will
also do for the fruit trees. However, lime
sulphur is much cheaper for any dormant
spraying that is not against the house or
fence that would be spotted. A dormant
spray, before growth begins, is particu-
larly valuable to control scale insects.

 **A**NNUAL larkspurs are a cold weather
sort of flower and the seed needs a
good chilling before it germinates. So if
the ground can be made ready and the
seed put in during March, one should have
a better bed or row of larkspurs in con-
sequence. A good rule is to sow the seed
the same day as one sows sweet peas—
which, as all the world knows, is March 17.

 **W**OMEN folks are great hands for
starting flower seeds indoors in boxes
and pans about this time of year. The
net result is usually weak, spindly seed-
lings that aren't so good as those I grow
from seed sown outdoors weeks later.

 **D**URING March, there is much work
that can be done. Young trees, shrubs,
evergreens and roses can be planted. A
hotbed can be made ready, where annual
and vegetable seeds get an early start. It
is time to do clean-up pruning, put plant
food on the lawn, make a first planting of
gladiolus corms, get out seeds of cold
weather vegetables such as lettuce and
radishes.

COMMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

For Sunday School Teachers
Stanley B. Vandersall, D.D.

MARCH 2

Has Christ Authority Today?

EVERY New Testament student is first amazed and then deeply impressed by the seeming finality of the words of Jesus. He possessed an authority but He did not explain it. Even in the instance (Luke 20:2) when the chief priests and scribes challenged His authority, Jesus carefully turned them aside and gave them no answer. To His counter-question, "By whose authority did John the Baptist work?" they gave the politic reply, "We do not know."

This answer, "I do not know," is a wise answer when there is uncertainty. One should be slow to make assertions. But "I do not know" is a base answer when it does not tell the truth.

We should know that there are certain conditions under which Jesus Christ will not answer our questions. He has little or nothing to give to the curious; one with scorn or ill will in his approach may expect nothing better than rebuke; and impatience and pressure will not avail. But when one comes in "practical, spiritual earnestness," even though one be imperfect, there is a warm response by the Master. For finality in guidance Jesus Christ has no equal today.

MARCH 9

Does it Cost to Leave Christ Out?

THERE is a strange similarity in the outcome of the different rejections of Christ through the years. The Jewish Sanhedrin and the Jewish nation rejected Him first. He was declared not to be the promised Messiah. Calvary was supposed to mark His end. But a strange renewal of life made Him the most powerful religious leader of the first century, and history has brought it about that Jesus of Nazareth stands as the greatest representative of His race and nation.

Many individuals have rejected Christ, but always to their own hurt. "To turn from Him is to deprive ourselves of the best; it is to rob ourselves of the highest motives to rectitude and spiritual worth; it is to do conscious wrong to ourselves." (Clarkson, in *The Pulpit Commentary*.) Modern nations that have rejected Christ have witnessed His rise to power through the benign qualities of His person and message. Civilization and culture follow His footsteps. And yet, in the face of that well-proven fact, the rejection of Christ goes on apace.

MARCH 16

What Does the Lord's Supper Mean to You?

IT WOULD be difficult to find any chapter in the Bible that contains more contrasts than does the twenty-second of

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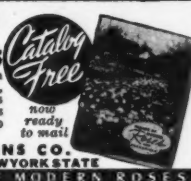
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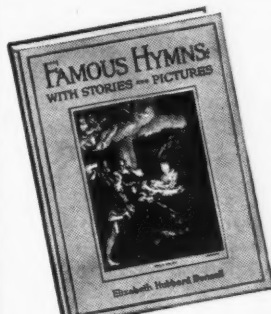
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Luke's Gospel. Throughout part of the chapter there continually appear unpleasant words like *betrayed*, and *strife*, and *Satan*; but there are at least two passages which are like the *holy of holies*. One is the assembly in the upper room for the Lord's Supper, the other the Master on His face in Gethsemane.

What are the simplest meanings of the Lord's Supper which any Christian may claim? (1) The presence of the Lord Himself. More than disciples kneel at the altar. (2) The elements of bread and wine truly represent Christ the source of our strength and joy. (3) The words of institution, about *broken bread*, *outpoured wine* are a perpetual reminder of the sacrifice of Christ in our behalf. (4) The eating of the bread and the drinking of the wine by each believer emphasizes his personal appropriation of it. (5) The participation by a company of believers, all as members of Christ's family, binds them in a fellowship of love and service.

Its by-products are tremendous, such as the searching of the worshiper's heart so that he may partake worthily, or the fellowship of believers made possible by the periodic assembly of multitudes in quiet meditation under the mystic influence of the Eucharist.

MARCH 23

Pontius Pilate, 1941

IN READING over the entire account of Jesus' trial and crucifixion (Luke 22:43 to 23:56) no verse is more outstanding than 23:34,—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is the first of the seven words from the cross. It is an impressive statement because it so fully represents the spirit of Jesus. In its scope were included not only the Romans, but the Jewish enemies who sought His death.

A second arresting section is that which tells of Pilate's struggle between conscience and fear. Clearly he considered Jesus innocent of the charges. Three times he sought to release the Galilean. But he was afraid of the Jewish crowd—that they would carry an accusation against Pilate to the Emperor Tiberius. Pilate made the choice, surrendering Jesus and saving himself.

The strange thing is that Pilate still lives, but multiplied into thousands of lives. Detested and berated as few other men have been, Pontius Pilate still stands as a pattern for men and women of weak will who find themselves in tight situations. Do you know any Pilates?

MARCH 30

An Unfinished Task

WHILE not complete in themselves, the several sections of the concluding chapter of Luke's Gospel form a grand climax to a wonderful story. If at once the reader can turn to the opening verses of the Book of Acts, he will find light on the last related occurrences in the Gospel.

More important, however, is what Jesus left behind. He had been sent to accomplish His mission; now, with that mission completed, another is at hand. A world-wide preaching is to begin. It is to tell of a way of escape from sin, in the



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name of Christ. Jerusalem is to be its starting point, but all the nations are to receive it. Power to make possible this work will come from on high.

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(Continued from page 41)

SUNDAY, MARCH 16

"SEEK YE THE LORD."
READ ISAIAH 55:6-12.

SIR JAMES SIMPSON, the discoverer of chloroform, was a man whose gifts caused him to rank with Jenner, Harvey, and Lister. He was also, however, a man of deep Christian spirit. On being asked one day which he regarded as his greatest discovery, he answered, without hesitation, "That I am a sinful man, and that I have a sufficient Saviour in Christ." That is a discovery we are all called to make. That we need a Saviour is obvious to every thoughtful mind. That Christ Jesus is the Saviour we need is the next step to blessedness.

O divine Redeemer, who didst come to seek and to save that which is lost, guide us that in Thee we find true salvation. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 17

"WHATSOEVER YE DO, DO IT HEARTILY."
READ COLOSSIANS 3:20-25.

SOMEONE has beautifully said, "My job is more than making things; it's thinking thoughts and growing wings, and filling every golden hour with something that will bear the flower and fruit of helpfulness and care, for those who heart and hearthstone share. . . . Yet whatsoe'er it be, I'd try to do it so that, by and by, when sinks to rest life's westerling sun, the final word shall be 'Well done!'" That is inspiration enough for the common day. To strive to do our best, in the Master's name, and to measure our service by His, this is living indeed.

Move Thou our hearts, O Saviour, that with a desire to glorify Thee in all things we may do our work. Amen.

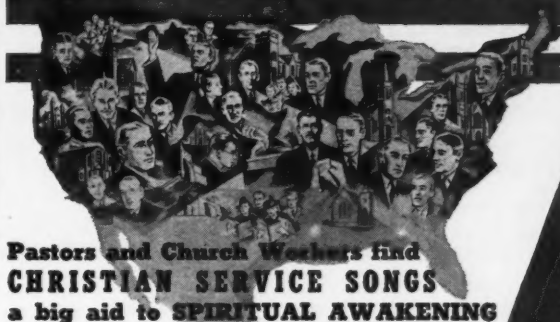
TUESDAY, MARCH 18

"NOT ONE OF THEM IS FORGOTTEN."
READ LUKE 12:1-7.

EACH of us is a distinct personality. Look at your fingertips. The skin forms spirals, loops, ridges, and arches. No two people's fingers are alike in all

MARCH 1941

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the world. That skin formation never changes. From the week old infant to the patriarch of ninety years, the prints remain exactly the same. While that is used for crime detection, does it not suggest that we are each separately known and loved, redeemed and cared for by God? That is the truth. We are dear to His heart as though we existed alone in the universe. Then what comfort and confidence this should inspire!

*Help us to respond to Thy grace.
Through Christ our Lord, Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19

"IN HIM WE LIVE AND MOVE."
READ ACTS 17:22-31.

IN BOSTON there is a statue of an Indian on his horse. He lifts his hands to the Great Spirit. Read the sculptor's message. There is the solid earth without consciousness. The horse is a living creature, but without any sense of God. The man on the horse is made of the earth's dust, has living cells like his beast, yet is aware of the Supreme. We were made by God and for God.

*Enable us to know Thy divine presence
and Thy will for us declared in Calvary's cross.
Through Jesus Christ, Amen.*

THURSDAY, MARCH 20

"BUT TOUCH HIS GARMENT."
READ MATTHEW 9:15-22.

SOMEONE has said, "What America needs is not a speedier car; not a poem, not a play, not a five-cent cigar. What America needs to place mankind on par is a hand that can hitch old hopes to a new star." That unhappy woman who had cherished hopes of renewed health in vain had faith. It was only a feeble faith. Yet it was strong enough to touch the Saviour's robe. She believed in Christ. She touched Him. She hitched her hopes to His saving power. If we exercise our faith, we can link on our weak lives to His glorious power.

*"The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press
And are made whole again." Amen.*

FRIDAY, MARCH 21

"LAY NOT UP ... TREASURES UPON EARTH."
READ MATTHEW 6:19-26.

A FEW years ago, a wealthy man in New York bequeathed \$40,000,000 to an art institute simply because it occurred to him while dictating his will. An associate asked him one day why he looked so depressed. "Why? Well, today is my birthday. I have no children and few friends. My only relative is an older sister. I am wondering if life is worth while." Is the game worth the candle? Only if the soul's love burns for Christ. Only if we are living every day to glorify God.

*Aid us, O heavenly Father, that we
may set our hearts on those imperishable
things which magnify Thee. Amen.*

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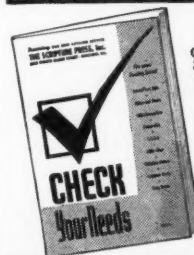
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MARCH 1941

SATURDAY, MARCH 22

"BEARING PRECIOUS SEED."
READ PSALM 126.

"HE THAT goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, in love, never tiring, never sleeping, findeth mercy from above." Those words, written more than a hundred years ago, are true today. In Christian work, in trying to aid another life, in seeking to make the world better and fairer; in family life, in our business contacts, there are many discouragements. Is it worth while? Can the seed ever germinate? Will the harvest come? God is our guarantee of ultimate good. God is faithful. Are we?

"Sow thy seed; be never weary. Let no fears thy soul annoy. Be the prospect ne'er so dreary, thou shalt reap the fruits of joy." Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 23

"I AM FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE."

READ PSALM 139:7-18.

ONLY the Omnipotent God can explain man's origin. While our bodies started with a single cell, by the time maturity is reached, they number twenty-six thousand billions. The powers of thought, the creative genius of music and literature, the inventions and discoveries which enrich life, leave us marveling. But more wonderful is the faculty for God, the sense of our relationship with, and capacity for, the Infinite. Even that is surpassed by the condescending love which gave the Lamb of God to die for our sins.

To Thy great love, Thine inexhaustible patience, and Thy purpose for us, help us to be truly responsive, through Christ Jesus, Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 24

"THEM THAT HONOR ME, I WILL HONOR."
READ I SAMUEL 2:27-36.

THE first vice-president of a well-known corporation got his start in a strange way. He worked for a railroad. He worked Saturdays to go to church Sundays. At last he had to leave. Out of a job, he went to a Y.M.C.A. convention, and in conversation with a fellow delegate his misfortune came out. "Come and see me when you get back," said his new friend. "I could use a man like you." That was the beginning of his climb to success. God will be no man's debtor.

In gratitude to Thee for all Thy mercies, help us boldly to proclaim our loyalty by our lives. Through Christ, Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 25

"GOD HATH NUMBERED THY KINGDOM."
READ DANIEL 5:22-31.

BELSHAZZAR was so sure of himself. He was in the seat of power. He felt he could even defy God. Yet al-



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though the Almighty may work unseen by human eyes, He is not inactive in the world. Iniquity overreaches itself. The hour comes when God manifests His judgment on the wrongdoer. So Belshazzar discovered. So have all who have wrought their wicked will upon mankind. In these dire days, the believing heart can stay itself upon God.

Lead us into quiet trust in Thy wondrous wisdom and faithfulness, O God.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26

"OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US,"
READ PSALM 44:1-8.

A SENATOR of a bygone day said, "I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and of river and mountain. . . . But the fairest vision on which these eyes rested was the flag of my country. . . . Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power, the glory, and the honor of millions of Americans." We turn from the storied past to the unknown future remembering that the God our fathers loved is still our confidence.

For the heritage of freedom, for the blessings we enjoy, help us to be more grateful and less unworthy, Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27

"THE LOVE OF MONEY IS" . . .
READ I TIMOTHY 6:6-16.

TODAY we think about dollars—Mr. Dollar, the Dollar Line, and dollars. The president of the Dollar Steamship Line once sustained a heavy loss through the sinking of one of his ships. It was not fully insured. He lay worrying, night after night. "This has to stop," he said. "I did not know I loved money so much. I am thinking more about the dollars than the Dollar—myself. I will write a check for the amount of my loss, and give it to the Lord." He realized money is a trust from God.

O God, who hast given us all we possess, help us that we may never lose sight of the Giver in the gift. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 28

"THOUGH HE WAS RICH . . . HE BECAME POOR."

READ II CORINTHIANS 8:7-16.

TALKING about money; while we may not have as much as we wish, we should remember that it is what we do with it to bless others which really counts. Lowell says, "He is dead whose hand is not open wide to help the need of a brother. To give is to live." We cannot speak Chinese, Hindustani, or other languages of the heathen world? Our dollars can. We cannot feed the hungry, clothe the ill-clad, shelter the unfortunate? Our dollars can.

Dear Lord, who didst give Thy best for us, help us to remember our debt to Thee, and give Thee our best. Amen.
(Continued on page 71)

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The clothes line-up: the men are being questioned as to their needs.



A Trail of BROKEN LIVES

BACK of every man on the Bowery is a woman. Perhaps a mother who is wondering where he is, if alive or dead; a mother hoping and praying for a son's comfort and care. Or perhaps a wife, deserted and left alone to carry on life's struggle as best she can—a girl married in the bloom of her youth and cast away when age crept into her once lovely face. Or perhaps a daughter growing up in some institution or among strangers and wondering why it is her playmates have fathers and she has none.

The men who walk the streets of the Bowery drag after them a trail of broken hearts and broken lives.

Back of the Bowery Mission is a great group of Christian men and women—many of them once having known poverty and suffering—are ever ready to help those in distress, others knowing great happiness in their religion are ever ready to sacrifice and work to bring the lost into His Kingdom.

Our business at the Bowery Mission is to save men: physically and spiritually. Lives that otherwise may end on the dump-heap of humanity are revived and rekindled with new hope and a new reason for living. Men never come into the Bowery Mission well-dressed, well-fed and beaming with animation and hope—they come in despair; each one carrying a scar. Sometimes the scar is merely a scratch and sometimes it's deeply embedded.

Such a case was Harry We have seen many wrecks of men but nothing like Harry. Few would have given five cents for his chance to become a useful citizen. He had been a drunkard for eight years and had not had his clothes off his back for four months when he came to us. Six sentences in the workhouse for vagrancy had not changed him.

We had noticed him at Chapel services several times but knowing his history we realized that it would take more than ordinary methods to reach him. He never stayed for the supper served after Chapel and he never asked for help of any kind. One night we asked him why he did not come down and have something to eat with the men and he an-

swered that he only came to hear the organ music. That was our cue.

Dr. St. John had a job for Harry—he wanted someone who knew something about music to rearrange the mission's Victrola records. An hour after Harry started the job Dr. St. John walked into the club room and found him playing over and over Chopin, Greig and Wagner with the enthusiasm of a child with a new toy. He was given a job in the Mission and paid for his work in board, lodging and symphonic concert tickets.

Music did for Harry what logic had not been able to do. We found that he liked poetry and drama; handing him a Bible we recommended that he read the Psalms as the finest examples of pure poetry.

Then suddenly Harry disappeared and just as we were commencing to think booze had won again he came back to tell us he had a job and to thank us for opening his eyes. Then we lost track of him for years and only the other day had our first word of him. He wrote from Seattle, Washington that he had a good job with a large dairy, and said he: "Incidentally I've read thirty-eight books in the Bible—the poetry and cadence is entrancing; almost like music. I know you'll be glad to know that I'm attending church and Bible class regularly. All of this I owe to you who opened my eyes to the fact that God can speak to a man through music as well as poetry, paintings, the flowers and the trees about us. You saved me from an early grave in Potter's Field. God bless you and your work."



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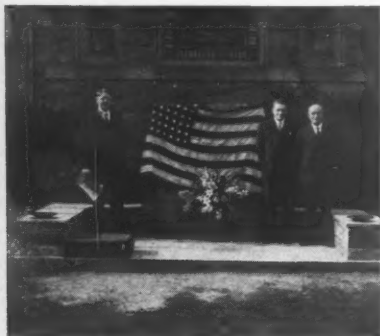
**"GOD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS
HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM."**

MARCH 1941

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EDITED BY

Paul Maynard



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From Marcus Whitman's Church

Ithaca, New York

Dear Editor:

You may be interested in the inclosed picture. The flag covers the monument erected to the memory of Samuel Parker and Marcus Whitman. It stands at the south side of the Presbyterian church in Ithaca, N. Y.

We readers of *Christian Herald* feel a little nearer to the people in "Where Rolls the Oregon" because Samuel Parker and Marcus Whitman were started on their mission from this church.

Sincerely yours,
Mary B. Wood

And proud indeed you should be.

Is Sleighing Obsolete?

Springton, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I can't thank you enough for the article on the Navy you printed. It answered scores of questions in our minds. Several years ago we gave a home to a boy who needed one; now he is through High School and feels his place is in the Navy. He is scheduled to go next week and although he has been given information on certain things, we were at sea about things you have made clear. We are grateful not only for their information but to know they have every opportunity for good influence if they take advantage of it.

My hope is that the Protestant church will rally and see that these boys have, not only plenty of Pastors, but good ones.

Thank you too for the lovely picture on the cover of the January *Herald*. My how happily homesick that picture made me; How I do miss the sleighing, the jingle of the bells the laughter and shouting that went with sledding! If young people go riding in automobiles, making a noise, they are "wild," but when we made all the racket we could in the sleds and sleighs we were just having such a "good time and lots of fun." It's not the young folks fault that in my part of the country we have become so modern that there is no chance for sleighing.

The only thing I don't like about the *Christian Herald* is that it makes my heart

ache that I don't have dollars and dollars to give to Mont Lawn and the Bowery.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Floyd Rau

Your letter makes us homesick, Mrs. Rau. We wonder if sleigh rides are still popular anywhere?

A Real Friend

Lamoyne, Pa.

Dear Editor:

At present, I have fifty-five subscribers to *Christian Herald* in my congregation. Your magazine is a vital part of my Christian literature list.

Sincerely yours,
Rev. C. Carroll Bailey

Perhaps our greatest ambition is to make *Christian Herald* a valuable assistant to the hard-working ministers of this country.

Should We Print More Fiction?

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Editor:

Would suggest that you give us more good stories, especially country stories and love stories. Would also suggest a full page for the Country Preacher.

Sincerely,
Adolph Kruemmel

We would be glad to hear from others on the question of more stories.

No, We're Not Insulted

Newburyport, Mass.

Dear Editor:

I want to send my congratulations to your splendid magazine. It surely does make me boil to read some of these scolding letters. Some of them are decidedly insulting.

Sincerely,
Mary E. Summer

Very few people mean to insult us, I'm sure. Some seem to feel that we will pay no attention to mild criticism.

Sugar-coated?

Grand Forks, North Dakota

Dear Editor:

Why are we given sugar-coated articles of propaganda, like the one in the January issue of *Christian Herald* entitled "So Your Boy Has Joined the Navy"? War is no different than it ever has been or ever will be, and preparation for war is merely the lowering of the morale of the men to where they can murder all those things that Christianity condemns. With this article I have lost confidence in your magazine, which I have respected for ten years.

Spencer McCrae

Facts can be sugar-coated or poisoned. We try to do neither.

SEQUENCE

(Continued from the February issue.)

Chapter Five:

In the February issue we published some excerpts from *Christian Herald* and an exchange of letters between Mr. J. L. Warner of Warner Brothers Pictures Inc. and Dr. Daniel A. Poling, regarding the production of the motion picture based on the book by Hartzell Spence, "One Foot in Heaven." As the book is the biography of a Methodist minister—it was felt that it would be desirable to select a preacher to assist in the making of the picture.

It was suggested to Warner Brothers that a committee of clergymen be asked to select such a preacher.

Chapter Six:

WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC.
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA

January 16, 1941

Daniel A. Poling,
Christian Herald,
New York City,
Dear Doctor Poling:

Thank you for your most welcome letter informing me that *Christian Herald* will cooperate with us in the making of the motion picture "One Foot in Heaven."

We agree heartily to your plan to ask several prominent clergymen to join you in recommending a representative Protestant minister to work actively with us in the preparation of the film.

Will you please keep me advised as to developments?

With all good wishes,
Sincerely yours,
J. L. Warner,
Vice President in Charge
of Production

Chapter Seven:

CHRISTIAN HERALD
NEW YORK

January 23, 1941

Mr. J. L. Warner,
Warner Brothers Pictures,
Burbank, California,
Dear Mr. Warner:

I am sure you will be as pleased as we are that the distinguished clergymen listed below have agreed to act with me as an advisory committee and select a preacher to assist in the production of "One Foot in Heaven." These men are easily among the first figures of the church.

Bishop James Edward Freman, Washington, D. C.

Bishop Charles Wesley Flint, Syracuse, N. Y.

Dr. Charles E. Kerr, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
Dr. F. H. Knuble, New York City, N. Y.
Dr. Edgar De Witt Jones, Detroit, Mich.

A meeting of this committee will be held in Washington, D. C. the 7th of February, at which time the selection will be made.

We will be happy if a representative of Warner Brothers can attend.

Sincerely yours,
Daniel A. Poling

By the time you read this the name of the minister chosen will have been released to the press. We will have an article in the April issue by the preacher selected, giving his views on the forthcoming picture.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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64 Clayton Station St. Louis, Mo.

100,000 Satisfied Users

(Continued from page 68)

SATURDAY, MARCH 29

"THE SUFFERINGS OF THIS PRESENT TIME."

READ ROMANS 8:12-18.

IN NEW YORK STATE is some of the most fertile land in the world. The soil is rich and black. Yet for years this was only swamp land. It was drained, and ready for the service of man. It had gathered the riches of the earth; now it is giving them forth. In very similar ways our spirits may be enriched. Some of the slack periods of life, when nothing goes right, or when trials are thick as autumn leaves, quietly yet surely make for enrichment. Then the fruits of the Spirit appear. So take heart.

Prone to judge our life by sight, rather than by faith in Thee, O Lord, lead us to quiet belief in Thy mercy. Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 30

"THE WISDOM OF THE WISE."

READ I CORINTHIANS 1:17-31.

A KEEN observer says, "The less a man knows, the harder he tries to give the impression that he knows it all." Paul met people like that. They were so sure that they were right and he was wrong, that they were ready to expose his supposed foolishness every chance they got. But one cannot brush aside convictions so deep. Paul had personal experience of Christ. He knew what the cross had done, and what the gospel was doing. We need that definite contact with our Saviour. Do we know whom we have believed?

By Thy Holy Spirit, who shall guide us into all truth, lead us, O God, to a deeper, stronger faith. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 31

"REDEEMING THE TIME, BECAUSE THE DAYS ARE EVIL."

READ EPHESIANS 5:1-20.

TIME-**SAVING** devices surround us. Yet we might ask what are we doing with the additional leisure made possible. A Chinese, visiting New York City, was taken by his host on the subway. At Fourteenth street, they left the local for an express. "Just why did we change trains?" he inquired. "Well, this is an express," came the reply. "We shall save four minutes." The visitor then asked, "And what do we do with the four minutes?"

That question is well taken. Are we using our time to fit ourselves to serve God more efficiently? Or are we wasting precious hours in idle drifting and day-dreaming? God gives us those hours to use in His service—not to waste.

Help us, O Father, to use the opportunities which Thou hast made ours, even as talents entrusted to us. In Christ's name, Amen.

Thousands Relieve Constipation and Comfort Stomach, too!

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, stomach upset, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative-Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with Syrup Pepsin to save your touchy stomach from further distress. For years many Doctors have used pepsin compounds as vehicles, or carriers to make other medicines agreeable to your stomach. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully the Laxative Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines to bring welcome relief from constipation. And the good old Syrup Pepsin makes this laxative so comfortable and easy on your stomach. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna at your druggist today. Try one laxative that comforts your stomach, too.

LEARN to PLAY BY EAR

Here is a wonderful NEW way to learn to play the piano, without notes, in as little as 30 DAYS. Play swing or classical. **NEW SYSTEM** is easy. You don't have to practice scales, you don't have to study for years. Young or old have equal opportunities. Amuse your friends. Play for pleasure or for money. Cost is very low, payments easy. Send for complete FREE details. No obligation. **HARWOOD SCHOOL OF MUSIC** Karl Ostum, Pres., 30 East Adams St., Dept. 314, Chicago

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Please tell me all details about your offer to make Extra Money.

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NEXT MONTH

The World's Greatest Problem By Charles M. Sheldon

A characteristic article in Dr. Sheldon's
happiest vein



Prophecy

By P. W. Wilson

A most illuminating and scholarly treatise.



What Is Your Liquor Signal?

By E. Sinclair Hertell

A different slant on the liquor question



Brave Shoes

By Margaret Slattery

Unique and touching



Also all the usual features, including articles by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Alexander Stacey and others.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



'Way Down

Teacher—Bill, where is Swanee River?
Pupil (after much hesitation)—Far,
far away.

—Exchange.

Seems Incredible

"Mrs. Jones was outspoken at the knitting circle today, John."
"I can't believe it. Who outspoke her?"

—Exchange.

Improbable

Barber—Will you have anything on your face after I've finished shaving you, sir?

Patron—It doesn't seem likely.

—Exchange.

Losing Enthusiasm

"I hear your daughter is practicing daily on the harp. How is she getting on?"
"Well, her mother isn't quite so keen on going to heaven as she was."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

Undiplomatic

Mr.: "You want money, money, all the time. Do you think I'm the goose that lays the golden eggs?"

Mrs.: "No, not that one."

—Exchange.

Cautious Boy

Neighbor: Is this your ball I found in my yard, Tommy?

Tommy: Any windows or anything broken?

Neighbor: No.

Tommy: Yes, thanks, it's mine.

—Capper's Weekly.

Here's Sarcasm For You

Autoist (who had been doing 70): "Was I driving too fast?"

Officer: "Oh, no; you were flying too low."

—Advance.

Fallen Angel

Mr. Newlywed—What is this which you are serving, dear? Is it devil's food?

Mrs. Newlywed—Yes. I intended it for angel food, but it fell.

—Exchange.

He Hit It

Prof. Tilt—Mr. Gray, what three words are used most among college students?

Gray—I don't know.

Prof. Tilt—Correct.

—Lookout.

Not Quite Finished

Mistress: Have you finished cleaning the brass ornaments yet?

Maid (sore about something): Yes, ma'am, all except your rings and bracelets.

—Watchword.

Well Protected

Sergeant (after war game)—Private Bjones, didn't you realize you were exposing yourself to an imaginary enemy only 250 yards away?

Private Bjones—That's all right, Sergeant, I was standing behind an imaginary rock 25 feet high.

—Pathfinder.

Sound Advice

An electrician was working on an emergency job. Turning to the apprentice who was helping him, he said: "Say Bill! Take hold of the end of that wire."

"Okay!" said Bill.

"Feel anything?"

"No."

"Well, then don't touch the other one. It's got over 5,000 volts."

—Exchange.

He Should Know

Lady: "Do you know what happens to young men who tell lies?"

Willie: "Yes, they attract the attention of bigshots and soon make lots of money."

Lady: "Goodness, are you a cynic?"

Willie: "No, I'm a golf caddy."

—Exchange.

A Place to Shun

Two Irishmen, on their way home from a funeral, were conversing about the uncertainty of life. Says Pat:

"Sure and I'd give a thousand dollars, Moike, if I knew th' place where I was goin' to die."

"Faith, Pat, and phwat good would thot do yez?"

"Sure and I'd niver go near th' place at all, at all," says Pat.

—Messenger.

Careful Driver

A judge in southern New Hampshire has a reputation for sarcasm. Only recently a man was brought before him for speeding. When the man was asked to state his defense he said: "Why, judge, I wasn't going forty miles, or thirty—or even twenty."

"Steady now," the judge warned soberly, "if you're not careful you'll be backing into somebody."

—Boston Globe.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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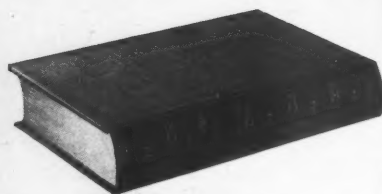
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William Saroyan's new book, "My Name Is Aram," is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's "Life with Father."



Willa Cather's new novel, "Sapphira and the Slave Girl," is her first book in five years. The scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; "Indubitably as good a decade hence as today."



Franz Werfel's new novel, "Embezzled Heaven," was the Club's December book, a magnificent character study of a lonely woman that leaves one comforted and inspired.



Jan Struther, with "Mrs. Miniver," is a new author to Americans—instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen in August.



Van Wyck Brooks' "New England: Indian Summer" is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than "The Flowering of New England." It was our judges' choice for September.

FEW people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, J. B. Priestley—and a score of others little less known—were first introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month"—not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways.

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